



The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1868.

NO. 36.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Listen! 'tis the angel crying,
To the needy, to the dying—
In a voice of love!
Tidings for the meek and lowly,
Fidings tender, glad and holy,
From the throne above.
Lo, the morning star has risen!
Open wide the guilt-barred prison—
Let the radiance in;
Jesus comes—the Everliving—
To the lost, redemption giving,
From the death of sin.

THE MILK TRADE.

A correspondent of the Bulletin writes upon this traffic as follows:

The upshot of my information from the best sources in the country, about the milk trade—and I find no farmer who contradicts any of the statements—is this: That in the sixteen thousand gallons of milk, which is the daily consumption of Boston, only a small fraction is delivered pure as it comes from the farm. All the rest contains one quart of water, and something else to every three, four or five quarts of milk. The "good will" of a city milk route sells for more or less, according to the amount of adulteration the customers on it will stand. Several thousand dollars is a common bonus for a "good standing" milk route in Boston. It is a matter of course question, when "routes" are bargained, "How much adulteration they will stand?" Water always, with burnt sugar, chalk, and other substances, which are cherished secrets "in the trade," are used to keep the color of the milk up, and to give skin milk the look of new.

They say so-and-so is the adulterating process managed, that offentimes the tampered milk really looks richer for it; but the better the stuff looks, the worse it will keep, and although hard to begin with, if not consumed at once, the stuff becomes more and more deleterious the longer it lasts. Milk leaves the farmer's door-yard pure; from thence it is carried to the peddlers' station, and emptied into what is called "coolers"—large tin vessels—and the ingredients of adulteration are then introduced. When milk is brought by the cars from a distance, in quantities, to save the time and trouble of moving it, the water and "what not" is put in on the station platform. But if the cream is to be stolen from the milk the "coolers" must be used.

It adds to the abomination of this traffic, the fact that pure milk in abundance can be produced, and the profit of the pedlar is large before any "extension" of the article is made. The farmer sells his milk at about four cents a quart, and the milkman gets nine cents "in town," besides a gain in measure. In the neighborhood where I am writing, the farmers have been told that they must be contented with two cents less a can this winter. The truth is, the "middle men" rears grow "in grace and skill" in "decorating" milk for city use, they can do with a less proportion of the pure article for a base, accommodating an increased consumption with the same quantity of original milk and a larger portion of bedeviling and water.

There seems to be no fraud too petty or mean for these adulterating milk dealers to get down to: one instance of this thorough unscrupulousness is in the matter of milk for infants who are to be brought up "on the bottle." For this purpose it is to the last degree essential, for the safety of the child, that it should have not only pure milk, but that from one cow uniformly; and still further, when parents understand the subject, they prefer, and are willing to pay for, milk of "an age" suitable to the age of the infant. It is common for parents to have a small can of their own, and pay for this particular sort of milk; now it is notorious that the great majority of these milkmen pay no sort of attention to this matter, but fill the little private cans, which are the sole dependence of the child, out of the mixture in their ordinary cans, and the children have to run the gauntlet with this accursed fraud for at least the two first years of their lives.

Some one says that New York folks don't care anything about law; its profits they go for.

In Westfield, Massachusetts, there is a fellow named George W. Williams who calls himself a natural, spiritual, phrenological, second advent, free love, Granitic perfectionist. He has just been sent to jail for drunkenness.

MISS SCRANTON'S EXPERIENCE AT THE POLLS IN NEW YORK.

Miss Scranton sat at the window which overlooked a busy street and watched the men filing past to the polls. Her heart swelled with envy. Why should she be denied the proud privilege. Suddenly a thought possessed her; despite all difficulties and obstacles she would baffle her tyrants and vote.

Her brother William, who had been in the army and was now at Washington, had left at home a captain's uniform. He was short for a man and she tall for a woman, so they were nearly of a height. Also she possessed a pair of false mustaches used by some one at a masquerade surprise party, and a pair of high walking boots, and large fur gloves. "I'll dress myself like a man and vote," said she, and when all is settled they shall know that one woman's vote weighed down the balance.

No sooner said than done. In five minutes Fannie was in her brother's empty room, and with locked doors began to attire herself. The breath of the shoulders of the coat troubled her, but wisely reflecting that looks mattered nothing at such a juncture, she stuffed them with bathing towels until they were well filled out.

Indeed the general effect was that of a hunchback, though Fannie only seeing herself in front view, did not know it. Her hair, owing to a caprice, she needed only to part it on one side. Then when the false mustache was on, a fur collar well over the chin, the hat tipped over the eyes and the gloves assumed, no one would have guessed the color before them to be a woman, though certainly it looks less like a man. The effect to a casual observer was that of a very singular looking deformed lad in a man's habilliment.

But women never know what effect they produce in the habits of the other sex, and Fannie fondly believed herself to be rather a fine looking young officer. She walked with an absurd stride and flourished a cane carelessly. People looked after her and whispered, "what an oddity," but she was blinded to the fact by the pride with which she felt herself for the first time able to vote. The first step she knew was to register her name, and the registry offices were plenty, but alas, all in places where liquor abounded, and of course tipsy men.

"It don't matter; I look like a man," thought Fannie, and strutted into the first office. She swore she was twenty-one, which was true and registered herself John Smith. Then she looked around bewildered.

"What was to come next and how should he vote, and for whom?" She had never thought of that.

She stared about her in a bewildered way, and turned to an Irish laborer near by.

"Where are the polls, please?" she asked of the man, assuming a husky voice and flourishing her cane.

The man stopped.

"I'm going that way," he said. "But sure it isn't sixteen ye are? Ye can't vote."

"I'm twenty-two, sir," said Fannie, indignantly.

"Och, then, it's all right," said the man. "But, be sure, I'd not think it! Come along with me. A bit of a dammy cruller like you isn't safe in such a crowd. Now, who are ye going to vote for?"

"I—I don't know," said Fannie, for whom are you?

This was an artful trick to discover the names of the candidates.

"Och, who would it be but me own cousin's cousin, Paddy Blaney-stone, that's up for alderman," said the man. Now, mind ye; take this bit in a paper and put it into a hole I'll show ye, an' it's all right.

But for whom will I vote, then? asked Fannie.

The whole Dimmycratic ticket, said the Irishman.

Fannie was beginning to be alarmed. The man had hold of her arm, and was dragging her along at a furious rate.

Let go of me, please, she said.

"No me," said the Irishman. Ye'll go over to the Republicans if I do. Come, now, we'll make the bargain sure. Come have a drink?"

"Och, I—I don't want one," pleaded Fannie.

But the Irishman bore her on and dragged her into the open door of a liquor store, and up to the counter.

"Whisky for two iv us," he shouted. "Never mind tratin' back, ye gossion!"

It's in the family the alderman is. All I ax ye is to vote.

Fannie struggled in vain to free herself. A crowd of voters had tumbled into the shop after them, and to retreat was impossible. She trembled from head to foot, and was sickened by the smell of whisky.

"I can't drink," she said, hysterically. "Really I can't drink. Let's go and vote."

"We'll do that same," said the Irishman. "But we'll vote the Dimmycratic ticket, honey! Ye don't go over to the Republicans."

"Och, no, indeed I won't," said poor Fannie. "I'll vote for anybody—indeed I will!"

"Ye'll vote for the Republicans?" shouted another voice at her ear. A stout limbed man had clutched her arm and was pulling her one way, while Pat pulled her the other.

"His own brother is Common Councilman. Let the bit of a boy alone," cried her first friend.

"You let him alone," cried the second. "Here ye're American. You ain't Irish; don't you go with Pat!"

"Pat is the better of a Yankee any day," yelled the other. "Boys, here's a Republican!"

"Ready for ten of ye!" cried the long man.

In a moment the bar room was the scene of uproar and confusion. Blows were struck, glasses flew; a pistol went off and a man fell across the counter covered with blood.

Fannie could scarcely refrain from betraying her sex by screaming.

Suddenly the Irishman seized her by the arm.

"Quick before the police is in it, he said, and dragged her away, and along the street to the polls, where Fannie did as she was bid and voted the whole Dimmycratic ticket."

Then she must have gone home, but Pat was too tipsy to manage. Dirty, smelling of gin and bad tobacco, using language and outbursts too terrible to listen to, he staggered on and plunged with her into a larger beer cellar.

"Here's two rare Dimmycrats," he yelled. "Me cousin's cousin is up for Alderman Give us whatever ye have that's good. Ye'd not think it to look at the dammy chap here, but he's a gentleman ivery inch. He voted for me cousin. Shake hands with him!"

The beer drinkers were fortunately too tipsy to notice much, and probably could scarcely distinguish the figure they looked at, but Fannie was in agony. In vain she struggled to escape. Pat held tight to her arm. He had a drunken whim to keep his new friend with him. So he sat and drank, keeping eye and hand on Fannie, and the short day came to end and the sun set and the gas was lit and there was no reprieve until the liquor had its last effect and the man tumbled over upon the table dead drunk. Then Fannie arose and crept out. She found herself alone—after dark—where she could not guess, with intoxicated men about her and her limbs trembling so that she could scarcely move.

"I shall die," thought Fannie.

Suddenly a figure she knew arose before her eyes.

It was Mr. Jefferson, walking rapidly along, looking rather out of sorts.

In truth he was thinking of his disappointment in herself.

With him was safety.

Fannie rushed up to him.

"Mr. Jefferson," she cried, "save me? Mr. Jefferson, turn!"

"What is the matter, my poor lad," he said. "Don't cling to me so. Walk along gently. Are you frightened?"

"Very much," said Fannie.

"You ought to be at home," said Mr. Jefferson.

"Delicate boys like you are scarcely more fit than women for such a crowd," he evidently thought some half-witted lad had appealed to him, and kindly took his arm in his.

"Where do you live," he added. "I'll see you safe."

"Oh, Mr. Jefferson," sobbed Fannie, "I'm so ashamed—so mortified. I'm Fannie Scranton. Take me home!"

Good heavens, Miss Scranton! cried Mr. Jefferson, I am shocked.

Fannie began to cry. Mr. Jefferson was touched; he grew tender. Fannie told him all.

I am cured forever, she said. I shall never want to vote again. I see plainly why gentlemen are shocked at the idea for ladies whom they respect. My sufferings to-day have been a lesson to me.

Then she sobbed in silence. On Mr. Jefferson's arm, and he took her home and discreetly left her at the door.

London builds two miles each year.

HOW MR. BEECHER EARNED HIS FIRST TEN DOLLARS.

As early as at sixteen years of age, I had begun to speak a little in public—faint peepings, just such as I hear in young birds before they are fully fledged. For such service, the only payment was a kind patience till I relieved them by finishing my crude efforts. But, at that time—say 1832—I was sent by the college society as delegate to a Temperance Convention, in Pelham, or Enfield or somewhere else. I conceived a desire thereafter to give a Temperance lecture. I have forgotten how I ever got a chance to do it. But I remember that there came an invitation from Brattleboro, Vt., to lecture on the 4th of July. My expenses were to be paid? A modest pride warmed my heart, at the thought of making a real speech in public. I smothered all the fears and diffidences, with the resolute purpose that I would succeed! I remember the days of writing and anxious preparation, and the grand sense of being a man, when I had finished my manuscript! But the most generous purposes are apt to be ruined with selfishness; and my public spirit, alas, had a financial streak of joy in it—my expenses were to be paid!

Well, suppose I chose to walk, and save all the expenses? I should have, at least, eight dollars of my own of which I need give no account! That would be an era indeed. But grave scruples arose. Was it honest to take money for expenses which I had not really incurred? If I went by stage, I might lawfully charge my fare and food; but, if neither of them cost me anything, how could I honestly make a bill of expenses? I did not get any relief in reflecting upon it. I started off on foot, went up the Connecticut river valley, and reached Brattleboro, by way of Greenfield.

Every hour this question of "honesty" returned. My feet blistered with walking, but I stamped on them hard in the morning, and the momentary exquisite pain seemed to paralyze the sensibility afterwards.

Whether it was the counter irritation that relieved my brain, or whether—as I fear that I did—I smothered conscience by saying to myself that I would settle the matter when the time came, I do not know. But I was relieved from even that struggle, inasmuch as not a word was said to me about expenses, or money in any form. Yet I had a charming visit. The rising of the moon from behind the mountain that hedges in the town on the east powerfully excited my imagination, and led to the writing of the first piece, I believe, that I ever printed. It was published in the *Guest*, a college paper, issued chiefly as a rival to another college paper, whose name (alas!) has escaped me. And if anybody could send me a volume of that *Guest* I should be exceedingly beholden to him.

But, after reaching college again—no longer a mere student, but a public man—one who had made speeches—one who determined to be modest, and not to allow success to puff him up—a very great and wonderful thing happened; the post brought me a letter from Brattleboro containing ten dollars. I could not believe my eyes. I forgot my scruples. Providence had put it to me in such a way that I got my conscience over on the other side, and felt that it would be a sin and shame for me to be raising questions and scruples on such a matter! But oh that bill! How it warmed me, and invigorated me, and cheered me.

I looked at it before going to sleep; I examined my pocket the next morning, early, to be sure that I had not dreamed it. How I pined the poor students, who had not, I well knew, ten dollars in their pockets.

Still I tried to keep down pride in its offensive forms. I would not be lifted up. I would strive to be even more familiar than before with the plainest of my acquaintances. "What is money?" said I to myself. "It is not property that makes the man; it is—well, perhaps I thought it was the ability to deliver eloquent temperance addresses. But great is the deviousness of money. I felt the pride of riches. I knew every waking moment that I had money. I was getting purse-proud."

I resolved to invest. There was but one thing to invest in—books. I went to Adams' store; I saw an edition of Burke's works. With the ease and air of a rich man I bought and paid for them. Adams looked at me, and then at the bill, and then at me. I never could make up my mind whether it was admiration or suspicion that his face expressed. But I wanted him, and paid

to have him ask me, "Where did you get all of this ten dollar bill?"

However, I concluded that the expression was one of genuine admiration. With my books under my arm, (I never to this day could get over the disposition to carry home my own packages,) I returned to college, and placed on my table my volumes of Burke! I tried to hide from myself that I had a vain purpose in it, that I was waiting to see Bamister's surprise, to hear Howard's exclamation, and to have it whispered in the classroom, "I say—have you heard that Beecher has got a splendid copy of Burke?"

After this I was a man that owned a library! I became conservative and frugal. Before I had spent at least a dollar and a half a year for nick-nacks, but after I had founded a library I reformed all such wastes, and every penny I could raise, or save, I compelled to transform itself into books!

As I look back on the influence of this struggle for books, I cannot deny that it has been salutary. I do not believe that I spent ten dollars in all my college course for horses, or amusements of any kind.

But at my graduation I owned about fifty volumes. The getting of these volumes was not the least important element of my college education. There are two kinds of property which tend to moralize life. What they are, I will tell you some other time, if you will coax me.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithography is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a sort of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete, the slab is put on a press, and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing, being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself, being oily, repels the water, but retains the color applied. It is this that, without a raised surface or incision—as in common printing, woodcut, and steel engravings—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo the first proof is a ground tint, covering nearly the whole surface. It has only a faint shadowy resemblance to the complete picture. It is, in fact, rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated, again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. We saw one proof in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment—a group of cattle—that had passed through the press twelve times, and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions it is sometimes necessary, and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces that resemblance to a canvas noticeable in all Mr. Prang's finest specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a very heavy press, before its surface is fit to receive an impression.

The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgement at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practised eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated requires several months of preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely detached parts on so many different stones, is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor, and a degree of skill which to a person unfamiliar with the process would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized; and, in addition to the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details, "drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture, at every stage of its progress, depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work, which consists of so arranging the paper in the press that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet. In book work each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo lithography the difference of a hair's breadth would spoil a picture, for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

After the chromo has passed through the press it is embossed and varnished, and then put up for the market.

SPANISH BANKING.

To see the mode of doing business in Spain, take the simple story of one day's work of mine in getting some money in Madrid. Holding a "letter of credit" which is promptly honored in any part of the world, and is just as good for the gold in Cairo or Calcutta as it is in London, I went in search of a Spanish banker, or to draw a hundred pounds sterling, say five hundred dollars. Anastasio, my courier, led the way, and soon brought us to the house where the man of money held his court. Being shown up stairs, through two or three passages, and an ante-chamber, we were at length ushered in the presence. Señor Romero, the banker, was a man of fifty, dressed, or rather undressed, in a loose morning gown or wrapper, a red cap on his head, slippers on his feet, and a pipe in his mouth. A clerk was sitting near to do his bidding. I presented my letter. It was carefully read, first by the clerk, then by the principal. A long consultation followed, carried on in a low tone, and in Spanish, quite unintelligible to me, if it had been audible. It was finally determined to let me have the money, and after an amount of palaver sufficient for the negotiation of a government loan from the Rothschilds, and taking the necessary receipt and draft from me, I was presented with a check on the bank of Spain. When I had fancied the delays were over, they had only just begun. The bank was in a distant part of the city, and thither we hastened, taking a cab to save all the time we could. The cab was a large and imposing edifice of white stone. In the vestibule was a guard of soldiers. A porter stopped us, as we were about to enter the inner door. We must await our turn as some one else was inside! One at a time was the rule. Benches were there and we sat down, admiring silently the *modernization* of banking business in Spain. At length our turn came. We entered a room certainly a hundred feet long. Tables extended the whole length. Behind them sat clerks very busy doing nothing. We were told to pass on, to the lower end of the room, where we entered another, the back parlor, or private room of the officers. They were closeted out of sight, smoking of course, and giving their wisdom to the business in hand. I presented the check at a hole out of which a hand was put to take it. I saw nothing more. We sat down and waited. Waiting in a Spanish institution. Everybody waits. Nobody does anything without it. We waited and waited, and at last the little hole opened again, the mysterious hand was thrust out with the—money, you suppose; not a bit, but with the check approved. We must present it at the table or counter for payment. Returning to the long room, we presented the check and were directed to the proper bureau. And here, of course, we got the money. Not yet. Bills of the Bank of Spain were given us, and when I required the gold, I was told that gold was paid only at the bureau of the bank in another street. Thither we now pursued our weary way. It was a real entrance of the same bank building. A long line of gold hunters was ahead of us. We stood in the cue and at last—sometimes several years—of careful preparation. The mere drawing of the different and entirely detached parts on so many different stones, is of itself a work that requires an amount of labor, and a degree of skill which to a person unfamiliar with the process would appear incredible. Still more difficult, and needing still greater skill, is the process of coloring. This demands a knowledge which artists have hitherto almost exclusively monopolized; and, in addition to the practical familiarity of a printer with mechanical details, "drying" and "registering" are as important branches of the art of making chromos as drawing and coloring. On proper registering, for example, the entire possibility of producing a picture, at every stage of its progress, depends. "Registering" is that part of a pressman's work, which consists of so arranging the paper in the press that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet. In book work each page must be exactly opposite the page printed on the other side of the sheet, in order that the impression, if on thin paper, may not "show through." In newspaper work this is of less importance, and often is not attended to with any special care. But in chromo lithography the difference of a hair's breadth would spoil a picture, for it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

Anastasio loaded with gold. At last! for the longest delay has an end, the man emerged with the money in his hands. It had cost me from two to three hours in the middle of the day to draw this money, which in New York, London, Paris, or any city out of Spain, would have cost five minutes or less. And I have been so particular in the detail because it lets you into the mode of doing business in the capital city and the greatest bank of this country. (Ireneus.)

SYMPATHETIC OPALS.—That mysterious affinity which is supposed to exist between the opal and its owner, and which is not lessened in strength by the distance which may separate them, is the subject of a remarkable story now current in Paris. At the French capital one of the most noted leaders of the fashion is a Russian princess, whose jewel case contains a costly set of opals—a gift from an admirer. During the absence of the donor, she had received from him, when suddenly the correspondence, on his part ceased, and her heart languished at the reflection that probably he had found a more congenial love. The melancholy lady opened the box containing his present one morn, and fancied her opals looked wam. She held them to the light; they positively shone less than mother of pearls. "The image of my heart," she sighed, and put the box aside. That day she received a letter: her admirer was ill. "Ah, the opals," exclaimed the lady, and hastened in search of the box. The set looked very sickly indeed. He's worse," exclaimed the princess; and all her visitors that day had to be witnesses of the hourly change in her gems. The following morning, at day dawn, the box was again consulted. The opals were colorless. They looked like ash's eyes; just as expressive, without a shade or wink or blink in them. The princess' tears came, but she did not weep. At twelve the opals had crumbled into dust, when shrieks and spasms ensued. At one the postman delivered a letter, bordered round with black edges—the admirer was dead! It is needless to say that prostration completed the sorrows of that day, and the news ran like wildfire that opals were magnetic fortune-tellers—magnetic, electric, mercuric, or any ladies do not understand. The Paris papers have all, more or less, recorded the above circumstance; consequently there is a great exchange of pearl and diamond rings and opals. To have the state of one's beloved even plainly indicated on one's fingers is too evident an advantage to be gainsaid.

DANGER FROM PETROLEUM.

A nervous gentleman directs the attention of the good people of Rochester to the fact that their homes are in imminent daily peril. He says:

"It is not an uncommon thing to see the freight cars from the West, with their axles and boxes—which are stuffed with cotton waste and oil—on fire, blazing up to the woodwork of the cars, owing to friction and neglect of oiling; and all these pass every day twenty or thirty of these large wooden tanks through the centre of the city, each holding fifty barrels of petroleum, all leaking more or less, and the whole woodwork of the cars perfectly saturated with this combustible material; to which add in the same train half as much more in barrels. Now suppose one of these cars and tanks to take fire from the axles or other cause while passing through the city, what would the consequences be? It would be impossible to disconnect them and let one burn up alone from the great flame and heat, and the whole train must burn. Or suppose a collision or running off the track, as is likely to have taken place, especially in the neighborhood of the depots, where there are so many sidings and switches and careless switchmen. I ask what would be the result of having two thousand or three thousand barrels of liquid Greek fire spilled in any part of the city, all of a blaze, running in the streets, gutters and sewers and even houses in some locations; cellars would be filled with flames, and the main sewers would explode as with nitro-glycerine; life and property would be at stake beyond the reach of subjugation; for the more water the more it spreads and burns, as from its lightness it floats.

Whiskey dealers have combined a capital of \$1,000,000 to bribe members of Congress to retain the tax, for the benefit of the contraband traffic.

A vail wrought in Tartary one yard wide and three feet long, was so fine that it would float in the atmosphere for some time before dropping to the floor.

THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1868.

GEORGE H. CUNNINGHAM is the duly authorized General Agent for the Gazette, and all receipts given by him will be acknowledged.

SETTLING A MINISTER.

Chief of church trials is that commonly called settling a minister. No other settling will compare with this. A church finds itself without a pastor; he may have left for the reason that his salary was insufficient, that he was settled much more promptly than settled with that the field of labor was not broad enough for the turning over of fresh furrows, so vigorously had he driven the gospel plow; or that the field was too broad for his long overtaxed powers; for one, or many of a score of other reasons which might be named. The religious journals send up a cry of a dearth of ministers; hundreds of churches are without under shepherds, and there is no supply. The chances of securing even a candidate, look dubious.

It is published abroad that the Rev. Mr. B. has resigned his pastorate at M—-. The next week's mail brings to the church clerk, or deacon, several letters from dismissed, or resigned divines, who, having heard of the vacancy, desire to fill it. Meanwhile, outsiders are being enticed by more cautious aspirants for the vacant post, as to the state of the church, financially, numerically and religiously. It answered satisfactorily other letters of application, come to hand. In addition to all these calls received by the church previous to giving one, may be a note, by mail, of the following purport:

Dear Brethren: For the last forty years I have been engaged in legal and educational pursuits. My moral record is, thus far, clear, and I now desire to spend the remnant of my days in preaching the gospel. With this end in view, &c. &c.

To answer all these letters, and consult those to whom reference is made by permission, would require a small fortune in postage stamps and stationery; and from day to day, more and more does the published statement of a paucity of clerical husbandmen, assume the appearance of a huge joke.

Some relation of one, or more, of the church members wishes to send a candidate who will certainly suit. Another wishes to send half a dozen theological students, each of whom is just adapted to the situation, and the church can have its choice. There seems to be no limit to the supply, and yet, month after month, the church remains without a pastor. What is the matter? Let us see.

Candidate No. 1, appears. There is nothing objectionable in his personal appearance, or gestures. He preaches from a manuscript, word for word, as written. Bro. A. objects: what right has a minister of the gospel to write his sermons, when the command and promise is Open thy mouth, and I will fill it? And again, Take no thought what ye shall say.

No. 2 preaches extempore. Bro. B. demurs: Such weighty truths as those of the Gospel cannot be too carefully pondered. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

No. 3 might be styled the smiling minister. No threatened doom so terrible as not to be announced with the same expression of countenance appropriate to the proclamation of the most gracious promise. Bro. C. considers the dignity of the pulpit compromised by such joyous continuity of expression.

No. 4 pronounces the benediction while the congregation is in the act of rising. Bro. D. protests against this as hasty, irreverent, and an insuperable obstacle to settlement. He does not like to just catch the final amen, as it is intended to supplement the subsiding rustle of crinoline, silk and satin.

No. 5 has a head of Websterian proportions, and a face as red as that of a returned fisherman, all of which he could not very well change to suit an audience. Nevertheless, Bro. E. while not thinking the preacher culpable in the premises, cannot bear to look at a minister whose countenance is as unsuggestive of anything spiritual, as utterly so, as one of Dr. Holmes' Guardian Angels.

No. 6 concludes his prayers, which are offered in his ordinary tone, with a most emphatic and sonorous "amen," which is too much for the gravity of Bro. F. In spite of himself, it reminds him of the little girl's answer to her sick father's question as to who preached: "Why, you know, pa; I can't think of his name—the *amen* minister."

Other candidates have small, but fatal failings. A too nervous manner—a too haggard way—a too scholarly diction—an ungrammatical delivery—too extreme intonations—unbecoming contortions of the features—a disagreeable twang—lack of pulpit address, &c.

At last a candidate appears who seems to combine in himself the qualities desired by a majority of the church. But, alas! in one respect he is found

lacking, and the whole alphabet of brethren vote against him, or ought to, if they do not.

Presumptuous man! to think of presiding over a parish, as a pastor, without the aid and companionship of a wife. The philosopher's definition of a bachelor in society—one bladed pair of scissors—falls far short of defining a witless pastor. Such a pastor is like a perfect razor, well applied—a slave!

L. D. P.

NEW ENGINE HOUSE.—The Prudential Committee, in accordance with the vote at the last meeting of the Weymouth and Braintree Fire District, have purchased a lot of land belonging to Mr. E. G. Tirrell, on the corner of Broad and Stetson streets, and have issued a notice for proposals for building a house, from plans drawn by Geo. S. Baker. The building will be two stories, 20x32, and will contain ample accommodation for the engine on the lower floor, and a hall above. The committee designed at first to locate the house on the lot of land adjoining the homestead of Mr. Samuel Reed, on Washington street, owned by Hosen Pratt, and excavation of the "rock" was commenced, but we learn that the residents on Front street were so unanimously in favor of bringing the engine to a location more desirable to them, that the committee acceded to their request. The lot was valued at about \$200, and the building will probably cost \$1200.

SCHOOL MATTERS.—Nathan Willis, Esq. principal of the High School at North Weymouth, has accepted a call to the Hillside Grammar School for Girls, at Jamaica Plain, with a salary of \$1500, an increase of \$300 over the salary he received in this town. Mr. Willis is a thorough instructor, and his departure from town is regretted by all who were conversant with his ability as a teacher and character as a citizen. Mr. Alfred Bunker, late of Roxbury, has been appointed to the position vacated by Mr. Willis.

The grammar school taught by Miss Lizzie Wood, united in a Christmas festival on Wednesday of last week, and the scholars surprised their teacher with presents of an elegant handkerchief box, spoon box, and wristers. The room was finely decorated with evergreens, and tables were spread, loaded with refreshments, while a Christmas tree bore the usual fruit of Christmas offerings.

LECTURES.—A course of interesting lectures will be given in the Universalist Church, Weymouth Landing, beginning Monday, Jan. 6, 1868.

This course of lectures is provided in the hope of furnishing to the people at once instruction and amusement; and it is believed that they will meet the needs and gratify the taste of this community. These lectures will be entirely free from any sectarian influence as they are not subject to the direction of any religious society. The subjects will be various, and the lecturers persons from different departments of business and representing different shades of religious belief.

The course opens by a reading from Miss Lottie M. Marsh, of Concord, N. H. This accomplished young lady read here last spring to the delight of all who heard her. The reading will commence at seven o'clock on Monday evening; it will be varied by songs sung by a select club.

Admission to the reading or to any single lecture twenty-five cents. In order to bring these lectures within the reach of all it has been thought best to put the whole course of ten lectures, including the readings, at the very reasonable price of one dollar. Tickets are to be sold at all the stores and at the door on Monday evening.

PERSONAL.—E. S. Beals, Esq., of this town, special agent for the treasury department to travel and instruct internal revenue officers in the performance of their duties, has furnished us with Georgia papers, for which he will accept our thanks. The experience which was acquired by Mr. B. during his lengthy term of official duty in this district, peculiarly qualifies him for the position to which he has been delegated by the government at Washington, and the interests of the country, will be faithfully promoted through his ability in that department.

The "Old Stoughton Singing Society" will give an entertainment of music of the olden time at Braintree town hall on Friday evening next, Jan. 10th, and in order to call out an efficient chorus, the management solicit, through our columns, the assistance of the musicians and singers of this town. A number of select pieces will be rendered by home talent and eminent singers from abroad. A fee of 15 cts. for admission of spectators will be taken at the door, to defray the expenses. Those who are owners of the "Ancient Harmony" music books will confer a favor by bringing them to the hall on that evening. The society intend to make this an entertainment of much merit, and if successful will probably repeat it in Weymouth.

BRAINTREE.

It is both amusing and instructive to look over the records of the times immediately preceding the revolution, and learn the way in which our forefathers sometimes defended their liberties, showing as it does how well they understood their rights and privileges, and the measures they took to preserve them. The following transaction well illustrates the character of those men who were determined "not to be made slaves."

In 1774 General Gage was appointed Governor of Massachusetts, and an attempt was made by the English Government to nip the rebellious spirit of the people in the bud, and reduce them to peace and quietness by remodeling the government of Massachusetts, an act of Parliament having been passed for that purpose. Under this act General Gage sent out warrants to obtain juries that might be used to restore to his authority the impeached Chief Justice Oliver. This purpose the people were determined to defeat, and they took immediate measures to obtain these obnoxious warrants and destroy them. Some of these warrants were sent to John Vinton, of Braintree, a Deputy Sheriff under the King, for distribution. One of these warrants was for Stoughtonham, now Sharon, which the Sheriff carried and delivered to the Constable there. He had got about six miles on his return home, when he was overtaken by sixty men on horseback who surrounded him, and told him that unless he returned with them and demanded back that warrant, and committed it to the flames before their faces, he must take the consequences of a refusal. He not thinking it best to endure their vengeance, returned with them, made his demand of the warrant, and consumed it, upon which they quietly dispersed and left him to his own reflections. But the Sheriff's trouble did not end here; he had more of these warrants, and the people of Braintree were determined that he should not serve them, and to carry out this purpose they assembled at his house on Sunday evening to the number of about two hundred, and demanded of him to deliver up two warrants; upon his producing them, they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and they passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burned them, then called a vote whether they should hurra, but it being Sunday evening it passed in the negative; but they were not yet satisfied, for soon after they assembled to the number of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath; this demand he complied with.

It should not be inferred from the foregoing transaction that the Sheriff was a Tory; he was probably doing what he thought to be his duty, as an officer of the crown, for we find him the next April in command of a company of militia men, who marched from Braintree upon the Lexington alarm. In May he recruited a company to serve for eight months, of which he was Captain. The company numbered sixty-two, officers and men, and all but six were enlisted on the same day, which we think has hardly been beat in the war of the late Rebellion.

OBITUARY.

DIED in North Weymouth, Dec. 28, John C. Terry, a graduate of Amherst College in the class of '67 and a teacher in Monson Academy, aged 21 years and two days. His last hours were severe, but his mind was clear and strong to the end, and having attended minutely to all the claims of duty and affection, he passed gently away in the sublime triumph of Christian faith and hope. His soul is in the "Heavenly Kingdom," his body rests in the tomb of his maternal ancestors in Salem, Mass.

Alas for love, if thou art all, And nought beyond, O Earth.

Lines to the memory of John C., son of the Rev. Calvin Terry, of Weymouth, who died December 28th, 1867, aged 21 years.

Farewell, dear friend, so young in years,
You leave us here our loss to mourn,
To shed the fond regretful tears,
While you are from our presence borne.

But sure the soul so rich and pure,
To every virtuous thought inclined,
Has made its own eternal sure,
A welcome in the heav'n's to find.

Had time been giv'n to thee on earth,
We think on what thou wouldst have been—
An honor to your place of birth,
A blessing to your fellow men.

You leave your parents' house below
To find a Father's house above;
Our prayers and blessings with you go
To his bright home, whose name is Love.

Adieu, our dear, beloved friend;
Our hearts your impress will retain,
And friendship with the hope will blend,
In brighter worlds to meet again.

P. M. ADLINGTON.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM FIRE.—Wednesday night about 11 o'clock, the shoe shop of Mr. Wm. Colson, on Front street, was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Elbridge Colson was retiring for the night, and seeing the shop windows lighted up gave an alarm and the fire was put out by the occupants of the dwelling without creating a general alarm. The fire appeared to have commenced under the stairs, and the cause is unknown.

Tree Planting is a subject which should receive the attention of every property owner, and those who intend to improve their estates in this line the coming spring will find the agency of the "Old Castle Nursery," in this place, one of the best to apply to in filling orders. Mr. S. P. Cushing, whose advertisement appears in our columns, has had much experience in the business, and purchasers can rely upon his faithfulness in furnishing trees and shrubs in accordance with their orders.

THE LECTURE SEASON. We had thought, would pass without any attempt to institute a series of instructive entertainments for our people; but we are happy to announce that the matter has been attended to under the direction of Rev. Olympia Brown, and a course of ten lectures will commence next Monday evening, Jan. 6th, (not Jan. 1st, as announced on the tickets,) with a reading by the talented elocutionist Miss Lottie M. Marsa. Ladies and gentlemen of talent will follow with lectures on subjects of public interest, and the intention of the originators of the lectures is to provide entertainment for all classes which will be instructive and elevating.

The low price of the tickets, (\$1.00 for the course,) will make it an undoubted success.

Remember the Reading on Monday evening next, Jan. 6th.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

NEW YEAR'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The friends of the children connected with the Sabbath School of Rev. J. Emery's society gave an entertainment in the church last evening, a large number being in attendance. The programme of exercises embraced a voluntary on the organ, a hymn, "Happy New Year," sung by the children; introductory remarks, a hymn written by Samuel Webb, and sung by the congregation; addresses and music; recitation, prayer, chorales, musical selections from Billings & Holden, by an efficient choir. A bountiful collation was furnished to all present, and the entertainment was one of unalloyed enjoyment. The beautiful hymn for the new year, by Mr. Webb, was so appropriate a nature, that we give it a place in our columns, as follows:

Thy hand hath reaped another year,
And garnered all its sheaves;
O, Father, let our good appear,
Hide all our withered leaves.

From out the storehouse of the past
Let not our sins arise,
To rob us of our rest, at last,
And shut us from the skies.

For Jesus' love, for Jesus' sake,
Absolve the buried year,
And to thy bosom nearer take
Thy children gathered here.

And, through the coming year,
Whose birth
With thankful hearts we see,
May peace and love flood all the earth
As waters flood the sea.

Oh, fill our bosoms with the grace
Our Lord alone can give,
And in the light of His dear face
Let not contention live.

And when Thy Angel comes to reap
The new year's ripened grain,
May He our fruitage bid us keep,
To use for God again.

An East Weymouth correspondent of the Randolph Register says, "In North Weymouth the shoe trade has revived considerably. Mr. Alexis Torrey is making 100 cases congress and balmalors per week. Dea. James Torrey 50 cases. Mr. Henry Newton has an order from Government for about 2000 pair of calf navy shoes, and Mr. Monahan is doing quite a business, so that all the shoemakers in 'Old Spain' have enough to do.

A hard-hearted man from Hingham left a horse out in the cold the other night near here, and when found by the neighbors he had fallen down and was almost frozen, but after getting him into a barn and giving him a good rubbing they succeeded in bringing him to.

EXPLOSION.—The boiler in the paper mill at South Braintree exploded Tuesday afternoon, damaging the building extensively; four persons were in the building, none of whom were injured. A train of gas passing was somewhat injured by the concussion, the windows of the cars being blown out and the engine lamp smashed. A portion of the boiler struck a house in the vicinity, injuring the building to some extent. The explosion was sensibly felt in this village, causing general remark, many supposing it to be a slight earthquake.

CONSECRATION.—We learn from the Register that the memorial tablets erected by the town of Randolph in Stetson Hall, to perpetuate the memory of the brave volunteers who died in the service of their country, were consecrated by appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday afternoon of last week.

The exercises embraced the singing of "Old Hundred," a statement of the action of the officials by the chairman of the Selectmen, J. White Belcher, Esq., and an oration by Hon. Thomas Russell. The tablets are 10 feet high, and are appropriately inscribed with the names of the soldiers of that town who fell during the rebellion.

Above the tablet rests a cap two feet high, on which is carved a shield, State and United States flags, swords, muskets, anchor, &c., with the oak and hawthorn twined together. The whole is flanked on either side with cannon about three feet high, and all solidly fastened with copper bolts running through the walls. Each tablet weighs about 1800 lbs., and stands upon a solid wood foundation about three feet six inches high.

SUNDAY SERVICE.—Rev. Mr. Winslow, son of the late Rev. Dr. Hubbard Winslow, of Boston, will officiate at the service in Trinity (Episcopal) church of this town, next Sabbath.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

Those "Needle Gums," dexterously used by Young America "P. L. L's," at the Nov. Election, so confounded our calculations and played the dance with our nerves, that for subsequent weeks, we could hardly ascertain by any untold soundings at command, whether we were in Massachusetts Bay, or up some river, heavily charged with salt!

Nevertheless, like all Waterloo thumps—reconciliation succeeds discomfiture, and we essay to a friendly talk again.

Ere another issue of the "Gazette," the city of Roxbury will slide from her moorings in Norfolk County, hooked on to the "Hub"—strut and swell, a La Bostonian! Well, we see no cause for out-gushing tears at her exit; it she has a score of population and corresponding wealth, court records and criminal decrees, during the past ten years, have run up a fearful column, demonstrating that sinners against law incarcerated from her precincts counterbalanced in the aggregate, all other towns in Old Norfolk. If her transgressors prefer State Rooms at Deer Island, in lieu of cosy headquarters, palatable fare, high posted and spacious chambers of the "Hotel de Invalides" at Dedham, why let them slide, and hold fast to that which is good!

As the General Court organizes, we design to peep around occasionally, sketch and photograph the talented managers, as they turn up, commencing first with our delegation, and not forgetting our dashing young senator elect.

KEOKUC.

The Massachusetts Legislature commenced its sessions on Wednesday, and George O. Brewster of Middlesex was elected President of the Senate, and Harvey Jewell Speaker of the House.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PREPARATION. valued at home and abroad, a real Hair Restorer or Dressing, (in one bottle.) A great triumph of science. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S Improved, (see sample.) Every Druggist sells it. Price One Dollar.

Business Notices.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned Physicians and Surgeons of Weymouth, have adopted the following schedule of fees to go into effect January 1st, 1868.

Fee for visit from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.	\$1.00
" " " " " " " " " "	1.50
" " " " " " " " " "	2.00
" " " " " " " " " "	2.50
" " " " " " " " " "	3.00
" " " " " " " " " "	3.50
" " " " " " " " " "	4.00
" " " " " " " " " "	4.50
" " " " " " " " " "	5.00
" " " " " " " " " "	5.50
" " " " " " " " " "	6.00
" " " " " " " " " "	6.50
" " " " " " " " " "	7.00
" " " " " " " " " "	7.50
" " " " " " " " " "	8.00
" " " " " " " " " "	8.50
" " " " " " " " " "	9.00
" " " " " " " " " "	9.50
" " " " " " " " " "	10.00
" " " " " " " " " "	10.50
" " " " " " " " " "	11.00
" " " " " " " " " "	11.50
" " " " " " " " " "	12.00
" " " " " " " " " "	12.50
" " " " " " " " " "	13.00
" " " " " " " " " "	13.50
" " " " " " " " " "	14.00
" " " " " " " " " "	14.50
" " " " " " " " " "	15.00
" " " " " " " " " "	15.50
" " " " " " " " " "	16.00
" " " " " " " " " "	16.50
" " " " " " " " " "	17.00
" " " " " " " " " "	17.50
" " " " " " " " " "	18.00
" " " " " " " " " "	18.50
" " " " " " " " " "	19.00
" " " " " " " " " "	19.50
" " " " " " " " " "	20.00
" " " " " " " " " "	20.50
" " " " " " " " " "	21.00
" " " " " " " " " "	21.50
" " " " " " " " " "	22.00
" " " " " " " " " "	22.50
" " " " " " " " " "	23.00
" " " " " " " " " "	23.50
" " " " " " " " " "	24.00
" " " " " " " " " "	24.50
" " " " " " " " " "	25.00
" " " " " " " " " "	25.50
" " " " " " " " " "	26.00
" " " " " " " " " "	26.50
" " " " " " " " " "	27.00
" " " " " " " " " "	27.50
" " " " " " " " " "	28.00
" " " " " " " " " "	28.50
" " " " " " " " " "	29.00
" " " " " " " " " "	29.50
" " " " " " " " " "	30.00
" " " " " " " " " "	30.50
" " " " " " " " " "	31.00
" " " " " " " " " "	31.50
" " " " " " " " " "	32.00
" " " " " " " " " "	32.50
" " " " " " " " " "	33.00
" " " " " " " " " "	33.50
" " " " " " " " " "	34.00
" " " " " " " " " "	34.50
" " " " " " " " " "	35.00
" " " " " " " " " "	35.50
" " " " " " " " " "	36.00
" " " " " " " " " "	36.50
" " " " " " " " " "	37.00
" " " " " " " " " "	37.50
" " " " " " " " " "	38.00
" " " " " " " " " "	38.50
" " " " " " " " " "	39.00
" " " " " " " " " "	39.50
" " " " " " " " " "	40.00
" " " " " " " " " "	40.50
" " " " " " " " " "	41.00
" " " " " " " " " "	41.50
" " " " " " " " " "	42.00
" " " " " " " " " "	42.50
" " " " " " " " " "	43.00
" " " " " " " " " "	43.50
" " " " " " " " " "	44.00
" " " " " " " " " "	44.50
" " " " " " " " " "	45.00
" " " " " " " " " "	45.50
" " " " " " " " " "	46.00
" " " " " " " " " "	46.50
" " " " " " " " " "	47.00
" " " " " " " " " "	47.50
" " " " " " " " " "	48.00
" " " " " " " " " "	48.50
" " " " " " " " " "	49.00
" " " " " " " " " "	49.50
" " " " " " " " " "	50.00
" " " " " " " " " "	50.50
" " " " " " " " " "	51.00
" " " " " " " " " "	51.50
" " " " " " " " " "	52.00
" " " " " " " " " "	52.50
" " " " " " " " " "	53.00
" " " " " " " " " "	53.50
" " " " " " " " " "	54.00
" " " " " " " " " "	54.50
" " " " " " " " " "	55.00
" " " " " " " " " "	55.50
" " " " " " " " " "	56.00
" " " " " " " " " "	56.50
" " " " " " " " " "	57.00
" " " " " " " " " "	57.50
" " " " " " " " " "	58.00
" " " " " " " " " "	58.50
" " " " " " " " " "	59.00
" " " " " " " " " "	59.50
" " " " " " " " " "	60.00
" " " " " " " " " "	60.50
" " " " " " " " " "	61.00
" " " " " " " " " "	61.50
" " " " " " " " " "	62.00
" " " " " " " " " "	62.50
" " " " " " " " " "	63.00
" " " " " " " " " "	63.50
" " " " " " " " " "	64.00
" " " " " " " " " "	64.50
" " " " " " " " " "	65.00
" " " " " " " " " "	65.50
" " " " " " " " " "	66.00
" " " " " " " " " "	66.50
" " " " " " " " " "	67.00
" " " " " " " " " "	67.50
" " " " " " " " " "	68.00
" " " " " " " " " "	68.50
" " " " " " " " " "	69.00
" " " " " " " " " "	69.50
" " " " " " " " " "	70.00
" " " " " " " " " "	70.50
" " " " " " " " " "	71.00
" " " " " " " " " "	71.50
" " " " " " " " " "	72.00
" " " " " " " " " "	72.50
" " " " " " " " " "	73.00
" " " " " " " " " "	73.50
" " " " " " " " " "	74.00
" " " " " " " " " "	74.50
" " " " " " " " " "	75.00
" " " " " " " " " "	75.50
" " " " " " " " " "	76.00
" " " " " " " " " "	76.50
" " " " " " " " " "	77.00
" " " " " " " " " "	77.50
" " " " " " " " " "	78.00
" " " " " " " " " "	78.50
" " " " " " " " " "	79.00
" " " " " " " " "	

Advertisements.

Old Castle Nursery.

Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Weymouth and the adjoining towns as Agent for the celebrated firm of T. C. C. & Co., of New York, N. Y., he is prepared to furnish, in any quantity, all of the **BEST VARIETIES FRUIT TREES, &c.** *Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Cherry, &c.* **Decorative and Standard.** *Boxwood, Yew, Holly, &c.* **Flowering Trees, Shrubs and Plants.** *Roses, Lilacs, &c.* From his long experience in the business he is confident that he can give perfect satisfaction to all who may choose to deal with him.

S. P. CUSHING,
WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Notice is hereby Given,
That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of GEORGE SHINGTON SHAW, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken himself that trust by giving bonds, as the directs.

All persons having demands upon the estate of deceased are required to exhibit the same to all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to the undersigned.

WILLIAM B. LOUD, Administrator.
Weymouth, Dec. 28, 1867. 36-37

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

TRUSTEES to the power of sale, contained in three certain Mortgage Deeds given by Edward Billings, two to Quincy Pool and dated Aug. 1866, and recorded with Norfolk Lib. 45 fol. 115, the other dated March 1867, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 351 fol. 151, and the other to Zheon Kackari, dated Feb. 25th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Norfolk, Lib. 101 fol. 256, and assigned to said Pool Dec. 24th, 1867, will be sold at public auction, for breach of conditions of the said mortgages, on the 17th of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, in the buildings thereon, situated in Weymouth, Norfolk County, containing about one acre, bounded East by Main street, South by the Quincy Pool, West by land of said Pool, and North by Warren Thayer, and North by land of said Pool, being the premises described in the said mortgages, together with all benefit and equity redemption of the said Edward Billings, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns.

And the entire Stock of Goods marked down 30 per cent, less than cost.

QUINCY POOL,
Weymouth, Dec. 28th, 1867. 36-38

THE HOWE

Sewing Machine

is Just the Thing for

New Year's Gift

FOR FAMILY USE.

GEORGE H. CUNNINGHAM, Agent,
Middle Street, near B. F. Shaw's Store, EAST WEYMOUTH.

BEAVER OVERCOATS,

\$18.00.

BEAVER UNDERCOATS,

\$15.00.

SILK MIXED SUITS,

(Coat, Pants & Vest.)

\$20.00.

UNDER SHIRTS & DRAWERS

50 & 75 CTS.

At Read's Clothing Hall

33

NATHAN PRATT

Has just received at his

Store opp. East Weymouth Depot,

A GOOD VARIETY OF

Fancy Articles,

SUITABLE FOR

Presents for Old and Young.

For the Children he has a supply of Toys, Toys boxes, interesting Games, &c. Call and examine his stock.

SOME PEOPLE WONDER

Some people wonder why it is

That we so often speak in rhyme?

We seek our readers thus to please,

And try to do so "every time."

Some valued hints we thus supply,

As not a few with pleasure own;

Tell parents where they should apply

"Clothes" their Boys—the best place known.

That is ENZO'S, in DOCK SQUARE,

At New Bedford.

Who sells the Boys' good "Clothes" to wear

For less than many others do.

Weymouth, Dec. 26th, 1867.

THE CHURCH UNION

IS THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD.

It advocates the Unity of the Church of Christ,

opposes Ritualism, close communion, apostolical succession, church caste, exclusiveness, and sets

an example in every man and woman of whatsoever nationality, all ideas of progress, and social advancement. It will have a department for

some and Family reading, for general intelligence on every portion of the Church and world's

department of religious policy, and for culture and imagination, another for the young, a review

of the pulpit, the press, of passing events, of science, music, and literature, a department for

the farmer and for science.

It is the organ of no sect, but will aim to report

on every branch of the Church of Christ, as well

as every society organized for the purpose of

advancing the world.

It is Unitarian in creed, but favors free discussion

of all subjects not already settled by the

universal consent of the Church of all ages,

and will oppose Ritualism and Infidelity, and advocate a free pulpit for Christ's ministers and a free

communion table for all the Lord's people.

It will favor universal suffrage and equal rights

to every man and woman of whatsoever nationality,

and will oppose all human instrument contrived by men for the enslavement of the

consciousness of men.

It will publish a sermon by Rev. Henry Wadsworth

Longfellow every Monday at 12 o'clock. The

Church Union is the only paper now that publishes

Mr. Beecher's sermons every week.

It is not copyrighted, nor does it cost a

cent to the eye of Mr. Beecher before publication,

and will be a faithful reporter of the sayings of the

great Franchiser of Freedom. Writers and Editors

of every branch of the Church are engaged on this paper.

Terms.—\$2.50; \$1.00 to agents for every six

months. The usual premiums of sewing-machines

will be offered. For sale by the American

News Company.

Address, C. ALBERTSON, Sup't.

2 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Let the Eagle Scream! JUST RECEIVED

PANIC! PANIC! PANIC!

GREAT DOWNFALL IN DRY GOODS!!!

READ LIST OF PRICES AND CONVINCE YOURSELVES.

Best Prints, 11 cts., worth 14

Best Delaines, 15 " " 25

Heavy Wool Reps, 75 cts., worth \$1.12

Superfine " " 87½ cts., worth \$1.25

Heavy Thibets, 75 cts., worth \$1.00

Superfine " " 87½ cts., worth \$1.20

Extra A. A. Superfine Thibets, \$1.12, worth \$1.75

Colored Alpaca, 40 cts., worth 60

Black " 50 " " 75

Silk Stripe Poplins, \$1.00, worth 1.87½

Irish Poplins, 1.75, " 2.50

Silks, Shawls, Cloaks,

And the entire Stock of Goods marked down 30 per cent, less than cost.

NOW IS THE TIME

To get good bargains. Be sure to examine OUR STOCK OF SILKS, SHAWLS AND CLOAKS before you buy, also, to get into the CORNER STORE, as we have

No Connection with any other Store.

We have strictly ONE PRICE, and all our Goods are marked in Dollars and Cents.

CORNER STORE. CORNER STORE. CORNER STORE.

JOHN C. LORING,
CORNER OF PEMBERTON SQUARE,
26 & 28 Tremont Row,
BOSTON.

MARKET

44 South Weymouth.

J. L. CLAPP,
MAIN STREET, (under E. Rosenfeld's
D. Goods Store.)

Best Provisions of all kinds,

Such as Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Hams, Sausages, Butter, Cheese, &c. Also, a good assortment of GROCERIES, comprising Flour, Tea, Coffee, Spices, (the best in the market.) Nuts, Raisins, Dates, &c.

Also, FRESH FISH of all kinds, & OYSTERS. Prices as low as the lowest. Terms Cash.

Men's Calf Tap Sole

BOOTS,

Round Toes, at \$3.50 per pair,

AT E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

50 DIFFERENT STYLES OF

Plaids, for Dresses,

At 25c. a yard,

AT E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

Low, Lower, Lowest.

BEST PRINTS, 12 1-2c.

DE LAINES, 17c.

GINGHAMS, 17c.

UNBLEACHED CLOTH, 9c.

EXTRA YARD WIDE, 11 1-2c.

NICE YARD WIDE, (bleached) 12 1-2c.

COTTON FLANNELS, 17c.

E. ROSENFELD,

SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

CUSTOM

Boot & Shoemaking

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a room at his

RESIDENCE ON MOUNT PLEASANT, where he will make to order from the BEST FRENCH AND AMERICAN STOCK,

LADIES' AND GENTS'

BOOTS & SHOES,

Also, Children's & Misses' Boots.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to Repairing.

N. CURTIS,
Weymouth, Dec. 6, 1867. 32-6

HENRY LOUD,

East Weymouth.

SPLENDID LOT OF

Dress Goods,

CHEAP!

POPLINS,

ALPACCAS,

THIBETS,

TAMISE CLOTHS,

ALL WOOL DE LAINES,

AND

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

POPLIN ALPACCAS.

Now Opening

HENRY LOUD'S,

A SPLENDID LOT OF

CLOTHING,

AT

Greatly Reduced Prices

CONSISTING OF

MENS AND BOYS

OVERCOATS,

SACK AND FROCK COATS,

PANTS AND VESTS,

CHILDREN'S SUITS,

AND A

Great Variety of

Gents' Furnishing

Goods,

VERY CHEAP,

OPENED THIS DAY, AT

HENRY LOUD'S,

1000 Yards

Shaker Flannel,

IN REMNANTS,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

ALSO, A NEW LOT OF

Shaker Flannel,

35 cents per Yd.

South Shore Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Trains leave Depot of O. C. and Newport Rail-
way, corner South and Kneeland Street.

On and after Monday, Nov. 4th, 1867, trains
leave Boston for East Weymouth, Weymouth, N.

Weymouth, E. Weymouth, Hingham, 10:00 Col.
ony House, Nantasket, Cohasset, at 8:30 a. m.

Trains for Boston leave
Cohasset, 6:20, 7:10, 8:20 a. m., 12:35, 4:15, 5:30

p. m.
Nantasket, 6:25, 7:15, 8:25 a. m., 12:40, 4:20,

5:35 p. m.
O. C. House, 6:28, 7:18, 8:29 a. m., 12:45,

4:25, 5:38 p. m.
Hingham, 6:32, 7:22, 8:35 a. m., 12:50, 4:30,

5:42 p. m. W. Hingham 3 minutes later.
E. Weymouth, 6:40, 7:31, 8:44 a. m., 1:05, 4:40,

5:50 p. m.
N. Weymouth, 6:45, 7:39, 8:48 a. m., 1:10, 4:45,

5:55 p. m.
Weymouth, 6:50, 7:40, 8:52 a. m., 1:15, 4:49, 6

p. m.
E. Braintree, 6:53, 7:43, 8:55 a. m., 1:20, 4:52,

6:01 p. m.
Flag Station. Persons wishing to stop at
this station will notify the Conductor.

GEORGE BEAL, JR., Sup't.

THE UNION NATIONAL

BANK OF WEYMOUTH.

THE Stockholders of said Bank are hereby
notified that their Annual Meeting for the

choice of Directors and the transaction of such
other business as may properly come before them

will be held at their Banking-House in Wey-
mouth, on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of

January next, at 1:14 o'clock P. M.

JOHN W. LOUD, Cashier.

Dec. 8th, 1867. 33-37

HOLYOKE

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1868.

NO. 37.

Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY

C. G. EASTERBROOK.

TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The most interesting matter in connection with religious affairs in this country at the present time is the controversy in the Episcopal Church between the "High Church" and "Low Church" sections. It grows out of the attempt to discipline the Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., for preaching in a Methodist church in New Jersey, without the consent of the Rector who presides over that parish. A large number of the clergy and laity, who disapprove of the course of the High Church party, have adopted the following declaration, which is a significant and remarkable paper:

A DECLARATION OF CERTAIN CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The subscribers to the following declaration, deeply moved by what they believe to be the present dangers of our beloved Church, in the open and secret tendencies which exist in it to conformity with the Church of Rome, and humbly trusting in the guidance and blessing of the Holy Spirit, would make this statement of their views and feelings, for the purpose of mutual encouragement and support.

The essential principle of these tendencies is an entire subversion of the Protestant and Evangelical character of our Reformed Church. It transforms the ministry of the Gospel into a priest-hood; baptism into a magical rite; the Lord's Supper into the sacrifice of the mass; evangelized liberty into bondage to manifold observances and ceremonies; and the one Church of Christ, the blessed company of all faithful people, into the body of those who recognize and conform to a more sacerdotal system.

These tendencies, already far advanced in England and this country, are materially aided by a subtle and less clearly pronounced sacerdotalism, which finds expression among us in an exclusive view of the Episcopal Church in unscriptural conceptions of the sacraments; in a false view of the power of the ministry; and in a legal rather than evangelical view of the Christian life.

The influence of these tendencies we believe to be eminently injurious to our Church, by the reasonable prejudice which they excite fatal to the performance of the great mission of our Church in this land, by their contrariety to true liberty and the true progress of the age; dangerous to souls by their hiding of the free grace of the Gospel; and dishonorable to Christ by their substitution of human mediocrity in the place of the true Mediator, Christ Jesus.

Under a deep sense of responsibility we ask ourselves what, in this crisis, it is our duty to do?

In the first place, we feel compelled to affirm that in many of the pulpits of our Church another Gospel is preached, which is not the Gospel of Christ. The Church needs to be awakened to its peril. A paramount duty is imposed upon our clergy and our missionary organizations, to see that, so far as they are able, the pure Word of God shall be preached everywhere in our land. We cannot yield this liberty and obligation to any claim of territorial jurisdiction, and we hereby express our sympathy with the resistance which is made, in this respect, to the attempted enforcement of false constructions of canonical law.

We believe also, that the present crisis of Protestantism demands a higher degree of sympathy and co-operation among the various Evangelical bodies into which we are divided. An exclusive position, in this respect, we hold to be injurious to our own Church, and inconsistent with our history and standards, as well as with the spirit of the Gospel. In the case of those "chosen" and called to the work of the ministry by those who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, and manifestly blessed in their labors by the Holy Ghost, we believe that we cannot withhold our recognition of the validity of their ministry, without imperiling the interests of Evangelical religion, "despising the brethren," and doing "despite unto the spirit of grace." On this matter, also, we express our earnest sympathy with the resistance which is made to those false interpretations of canonical law by which this recognition and fellowship would be restrained.

This statement of our views is made under a full sense of any responsibility which it may involve, the love and devotion which we bear to our Church, and the allegiance we owe to Christ.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

We publish the following, because the time has come when it should be read over. It has made you laugh before, and it will do it again.

In the early settlement of Arkansas, a traveller, after riding some eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or seeing a human habitation, came at length by a sudden turn of the wooden road to a mis-entitled "shanty," the centre of a small clearing, in what had originally been a "black-buck thicket," whence the only sound that proceeded was the discordant music of a broken-winded fiddle, from the troubled bowels of which the occupant is laboriously extorting the monotonous tone of "The Arkansas or Rackensack Traveller."—Our traveller rides up to within a few feet of the door, which was once the bed frame of a cart body, now covered with bear skins, and hung upon two big wooden hinges.

After much shouting the inmate appears, fiddle in hand, and evidently wrathfully at being interrupted in the exercise of his art. The following colloquy ensues, the indefatigable fiddler still playing the first strains of "The Arkansas Traveller," which, in fact, he continues at sudden intervals, until the dialogue, as will be seen, is brought to an unexpected conclusion. If this be not seeking lodgings under difficulties, we should like to know what might be legitimately so considered:

Traveller.—Friend, can I obtain accommodations for the night with you?

Arkansas Artist.—No, sir—many accommodations.

Traveller.—My dear sir, I have already travelled thirty miles to-day, and neither myself nor my horse has had a mouthful to eat; why can't you accommodate me for the night?

Ark. Artist.—Best case it can't be did. We've plum out of every thing to eat in the house. Bill's gone to the mill with the last rubbin' of corn on these premises, and will be high on to the clank of corn-rover evening afore he comes home unless suttin' uncommon happens.

Traveller.—You surely have something that I can feed my horse; even a few potatoes would be better than no food.

Ark. Artist.—Stranger, our catin' roots gin about a week ago; so your chance is thin that.

Traveller.—But my friend, I must remain with you, any way. I can't go any further, whether I obtain any thing to eat or not. You certainly will allow me the shelter of your roof?

Ark. Artist.—It can't be did, old hoss. You see, we've got only one dried hide on the premises, and me and the ole woman allus occupies that; so whar's your chance?

Traveller.—Allow me to hitch my horse to that persimmon tree, and with my saddle and blanket I'll make a bed in the knee corner.

Ark. Artist.—Hitch your horse to that simon tree? In a horn. Why, you must be a nat'ral fool, stranger! Don't you see that me and the ole woman's only chance for simon beer in the fall of the year? If your horse is so tamed hungry as you say he is, he'll giddle it as high up as he could reach afore mornin'. Hitch your horse to that tree! I s'pect not; no, no, stranger, you can't come hary such a dodge as that.

Our traveller seeing that he had an original to deal with, and being himself an amateur performer on the instrument to which the settler was so ardently attached, thought he would change his tactics, and draw his determined not-to-be-hust' out a little before informing him of the fact that he, too, could play the "Arkansas Traveller," which once being known, he rightly conjectured would be a passport to his better graces.

Traveller.—Well, friend, if I can't stay, how far is it to the next house?

Ark. Artist.—Ten miles; and you'll think they're mighty long ones, too, afore you git that. I came nigh unto forgettin' to tell you, the big creek is up; the bridge is carried off; there's nary y'oundly chance to ford it; and if yer bound to cross it, yer'll have to go about seven miles up stream to old Dave Ledy's puntcheon bridge, through one of the darkest, barometer swamps ever you see. I reckon the bridge is standin' yet—twas yesterday mornin'; though one end has started down stream about fifteen feet or so, nigher.

Traveller.—Friend, you seem communicative; and if it's no offence, I'd like to know what you do for a living here?

Ark. Artist.—No offence, on yearth, stranger; we just keep a grocery.

Traveller.—A grocery? Where in the name of all that is mercantile, do your customers come from? Your nearest neighbor is ten miles distant?

THE DOCTOR.

The following extracts are from "A Lay Sermon" published in "Good Words," an English publication. Though intended for a particular class, some of the sentiments have a general application.

Everybody knows the Doctor; a very important person he is to all. What could we do without him? He brings us into this world, and tries to keep us as long in it as he can, and as our bodies can hold together; and he is with us at that strange and last hour which will come to us all when we must leave this world and go into the next. When we are well, we perhaps think little about

the Doctor, or perhaps we have our joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to the Doctor. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye, as he examines the dear sufferer! how she wonders what he thinks—what she would give to know what he knows! how she worries for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unpeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her darling child or her husband. He knows many of our secrets, our sorrows, which no one else knows—some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows; how many errors and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands. So you see he is a very important person, the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves. A thinking man feels, often, painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow-mortals, to stand as it were, between them and death, and eternity, and the judgment-seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words—

"It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things:—First, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of all the lives entrusted to his care. Secondly, That all his skill, and knowledge, and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for His glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. Thirdly, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no inanimate creature, for in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race, the only begotten Son of God became Himself a man, and thus enabled it with His divine Divinity, and far more than this, died to redeem it. I hadn't hard the time of that before, and that me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveller.—Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the tune for you.

Ark. Artist.—Looked here my friend, do you play the tune of that rhyme?

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

the Doctor, or perhaps we have our joke at him and his drugs; but let anything go wrong with our body, that wonderful tabernacle in which our soul dwells, let any of its wheels go wrong, then off we fly to the Doctor. If the mother thinks her husband or her child dying, how she runs to him and urges him with her tears! how she watches his face, and follows his searching eye, as he examines the dear sufferer! how she wonders what he thinks—what she would give to know what he knows! how she worries for his visit! how a cheerful word from him makes her heart leap with joy, and gives her spirit and strength to watch over the bed of distress! Her whole soul goes out to him in unpeakable gratitude when he brings back to her from the power of the grave her darling child or her husband. He knows many of our secrets, our sorrows, which no one else knows—some of our sins, perhaps, which the great God alone else knows; how many errors and secrets, how many lives, he carries in his heart and in his hands. So you see he is a very important person, the Doctor, and we should do our best to make the most of him, and to do our duty to him and to ourselves. A thinking man feels, often, painfully what a serious thing it is to be a doctor, to have the charge of the lives of his fellow-mortals, to stand as it were, between them and death, and eternity, and the judgment-seat, and to fight hand to hand with Death. One of the best men and greatest physicians that ever lived, Dr. Sydenham, says, in reference to this, and it would be well if all doctors, young and old, would consider his words—

"It becomes every man who purposes to give himself to the care of others, seriously to consider the four following things:—First, That he must one day give an account to the Supreme Judge of all the lives entrusted to his care. Secondly, That all his skill, and knowledge, and energy, as they have been given him by God, so they should be exercised for His glory and the good of mankind, and not for mere gain or ambition. Thirdly, and not more beautifully than truly, Let him reflect that he has undertaken the care of no inanimate creature, for in order that we may estimate the value, the greatness of the human race, the only begotten Son of God became Himself a man, and thus enabled it with His divine Divinity, and far more than this, died to redeem it. I hadn't hard the time of that before, and that me if I believe I ever shall."

Traveller.—Give me your instrument, and I'll see if I can't play the tune for you.

Ark. Artist.—Looked here my friend, do you play the tune of that rhyme?

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

Traveller.—I believe I can.

Ark. Artist.—Like, like, ole hoss—we'll find a place for you in the cabin, sure. Old woman! old woman! (shouting) within the shanty was the first indication the traveller had of any other human being on the premises, the stranger plays the turn of the "Rackensack Traveller." My friend, hitch your horse to the simon tree or any where else you please. Bill be here soon, and he'll take keer of him. Ole woman, you call Sall and Nance up from the spring-house an' cut off a good large piece of hamsake, to brile for the stranger's supper; tell Sall to knock over a chicken or two, and get out some flour, and have some flour doin' and chickens for the stranger. (Bill just heaves in sight, twenty-four hours earlier than was expected a half hour before.) Bill, O Bill! there's a stranger here, and he plays the turn of the Rackensack Traveller. Go to the corncrib and get a big punkin and bring it to the house, so the stranger can have suttin to set on, and skin a tater along with me and the ole woman while the gals is gettin' supper; and Bill, take the hoss and give him plenty of corn; no rubbins, Bill; then rub him down well; and when you come to the house, bring up a dried hide and a bar skin, for the stranger to sleep on; and then, Bill, I reckon he'll play the tune of the Rackensack Traveller for us."

If you saw a fire beginning in your house, you would put it out as fast as you could. You might perhaps be able to blow out with your breath what in an hour the engines could make nothing of. So it is with disease and the Doctor. A disease in the morning when beginning, is like the fire beginning; a dose of medicine, some simple thing, may put it out, when if left alone, by night, it may be raging hopelessly, like the fire, if left alone, and leaving your body dead and in ruins in a few hours. So, call in the Doctor soon; it saves him much trouble, and may save you your life.

And let me end by asking you to call in the Great Physician soon; to call him instantly, to call him in time; there is not a moment to lose. He is waiting to be called. He is standing at the door. He will make no delay. But he must be called—He may be called too late.

THE SMITH FAMILY.

Henry Smith, the Razor Strap man, will be remembered by many of our citizens, as a hapacious and amusing street vendor of razor straps; and any thing relative to him now will doubtless interest them.

It appears that after amassing a moderate fortune, he went into various speculations, which, however, rather than augmented his accumulations, and the result was that he found himself reduced to the necessity of returning to his "first love," the "strap" business.

It is already on the tramp, and having turned up in New York city, is thus welcomed by the inconsiderate "trifle-gatherer" of the Evening Mail:

"Yesterday, passing through Nassau street in the vicinity of Wall, we observed a crowd of open mouths, and smiling faces surrounding a tall, time-worn, and generally-looking man, who was, with a few and verse, with a superlative use of the English language, demonstrating that what he was offering for sale was the best, cheapest, and most endurable article ever offered to an intelligent and discriminating people in any age, clime, or community, and with forcible and amusing eloquence supplementing the above, with the fact, that notwithstanding he had supplied the whole continent and a part of Europe for a quarter of a century, he had still a few more left of the same sort, and for only a quarter."

We joined with the crowd, and were impelled to relieve the salesman of a ready excellent razor-strap at so cheap a price, for we recognize in his ancient and venerable physiognomy one of New York's old and esteemed representative originals—Henry Smith, the eccentric and well-known "Razor Strap Man."

He glories in the name of Smith, as we see by our *certificat* note of a part of his address: "Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort."

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name. And stands very high in the annals of time.

Let White, Brown or Jones increase as they will, Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith—not a Smith more. Sny-tch, but a regular, natural, original, Smith, Smith. Putting a y into the middle or an e at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Sny-y-tch or Sny-y-tch. Echo answers who, and every body answers nobody. But as for Smith—plain Smith—Smith—why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this century? Albert and John Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sallie Smith. To go further back, who was the boldest and bravest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? Smith.

Who palavered with Pocahontas, gallanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families of Virginia? Smith again.

And who, I ask, and I ask the question seriously and soberly—whom I say, is that man and what is his name, who has taught the most battles, made the best speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, run away with the most wives, and married the most widows? History says, you say, I say, and everybody says, John Smith. [Laughter and applause.] John go back still further, the scripture speaks

of one Alexander, the Copper Smith. Further back still, we read of Tubal Cain, who was an artificer in brass, and iron. He must undoubtedly have been a Black Smith. And I have no doubt gentlemen, that the great progenitor of our race would have been called Smith, if his name hadn't been Adam. (Laughter.) And now, gentlemen, let me ask who is that benevolent and self-sacrificing individual who, regardless of wants of humanity, strives to cheer the hearts of men, to dry up the tears of women, and hush the cries of children, by declaring eternal and exterminating war against all, each and every dull razor, knife, shears and scissors in this great and glorious country?

Modesty, respected fellow citizens, the natural and retiring modesty which is so peculiar to that honored family of which I have spoken, forbids me to mention his name. Let it suffice to say that if any gentleman in this most respectable and intelligent crowd desires to procure an article that is warranted to sharpen his wife's scissors, his boy's knife, his own razor, his wife's, or his appetite, I stand ready as the sole representative of all the Smiths, whether blacksmiths, whitesmiths, goldsmiths, silversmiths, cooper-smiths, or John Smiths, to sell him a keen, close, cute, cunning, capable, curious, and capital razor-strap, of which I am proud to say, "I have still a few more left of the same sort, and the price is twenty-five cents."

THE ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you wish to prevent your friends from raising you in the world, be a drunkard; and that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own efforts to do well, be a drunkard; and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavors of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a drunkard; and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a drunkard; and you will be ragged and penniless to your heart's content.

If you wish to starve your family, be a drunkard; and then you will consume the means of their support.

If you would be imposed upon by knaves, be a drunkard; for that will make their task easy.

If you would wish to be robbed, be a drunkard; and the thief will do it with greater safety.

If you wish to deaden your senses, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

FRIDAY, JAN. 10, 1898.

THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE, published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, at the office of the printer, No. 10, State Street, Weymouth, Mass. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, at the same address. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies are sold at 10 cents. The paper is published for the owner by the printer, who is not responsible for the contents of the paper.

Union Guard Association.

The brilliant record of Company H, 12th Mass. Regiment, in the war of the rebellion, in which its members participated in many engagements, well deserves historic perpetuation, and the members of the corps have, with proper manifestations of zeal for its continued honor, formed themselves into an association under the name of the "Weymouth Union Guard Association," the first three of these titular words being the original name of the company by the Selectmen when it was first organized at Lord's Hall in 1861. Though the decorations of war told faithfully upon the ranks of the men whom General Harrison termed "the best company he ever saw," yet there are about forty battle-scarred and battle-swept veterans remaining to carry out the objects of the organization, and with the accomplished gentleman and gallant soldier, Col. J. L. Bates, their first commander, in command of the "Associates," their efforts to keep alive a fraternal feeling among the members will, without a doubt, be successful.

At the adjourned meeting on Monday evening last, at Lord's Hall, the committee on organization, Capt. A. J. Carey, chairman, reported a preamble and constitution for the government of the association, which were adopted as follows:

Preamble and Constitution of the Weymouth Union Guard Association, Organized Dec. 4, 1897.

WHEREAS, the members of Co. H, 12th Mass. Vols., honorably discharged soldiers of the army of the United States, who have been heretofore, and are now, having served together in camp and field during a period when our country was menaced by armed foes South and North, and looking back with pride and satisfaction to our record while thus engaged, and feeling that the brotherly ties formed, and friendships cemented, should under no circumstances be lightly broken, do unite in order to form an association for the purpose of continuing our old fellowship and regard for each other.

Article 1st. The organization shall be known as THE WEYMOUTH UNION GUARD ASSOCIATION.

Article 2d. The results which we hope to accomplish are as follows:—To keep alive those fraternal feelings which bound us together while in the army, by coming together at stated times, and enjoying ourselves in a rational and proper manner, the order of entertainment to be arranged hereafter.

Article 3d. All past members of Co. H, 12th Mass. Vols., who have been honorably discharged from the service of the United States, may become members of this Association by subscribing to the Constitution.

Article 4th. The Officers of this Association shall be a Captain, 1st Lieutenant, 2d Lieutenant, an Adjutant and Quartermaster, and such others as may be hereafter needed in Company formation.

Article 5th. Sec. 1.—It shall be the duty of the Captain to preside at all meetings of the Association; to detail all Committees; to sign all orders drawn upon the Quartermaster; to command at all parades; and perform such other duties as are customary with presiding officers.

Sec. 2.—The Lieutenants shall, when called upon, assist the Captain in the performance of his duties, and in the absence of the Captain, the 1st Lieutenant shall perform the duties of the officer, and in the absence of the Captain and 1st Lieutenant, the 2d Lieutenant shall perform such duties. Should neither be present, a Captain pro tempore shall be chosen.

Sec. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Adjutant to keep an accurate record of the transactions of the Association; to detail all Committees; to sign all orders drawn upon the Quartermaster; to command at all parades; and perform such other duties as are customary with presiding officers.

Sec. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Quartermaster to collect all dues and assessments; to take charge of all property and moneys belonging to the Association; to pay all orders drawn on him by the Captain and Adjutant; and to give a statement of his account at any time the Association may call for it.

Article 6th. The Officers of this Association shall be chosen annually, by ballot, and any person having a majority of the votes cast shall be declared elected.

Article 7th. The Annual Meeting for the election of Officers shall be held on the evening of the first Monday in January.

Article 8th. The regular business meetings of the Association shall be held on the evenings of the first Monday of January, April, July and October. Special meetings may be called by the Captain.

Article 9th.—Seven members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; but a less number may adjourn a meeting.

Article 10th. Upon the notice of the death of a member, the Associates shall be called together for the purpose of attending the funeral, properly uniformed and wearing the usual badge of mourning on the left arm. They will march in the military order prescribed for such processions.

Capt. Carey reported on the matter of procuring rifles, that he had conferred with Messrs. John P. Lovell & Sons, who stated that good Enfield rifles could be purchased at \$8.00 per case, and that he would furnish them at cost. It being found that those present were owners of rifles, a committee was made by

Statistics of Religious Societies.

We have taken some pains to collect the statistics of the various religious societies for the past year, from Jan. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 1st, 1898, and are under obligations to the clergy for communications and verbal information relative to the same. The Union and Episcopal churches, the first having been closed for a time, and the second having but recently been established, and the 1st Universalist, also Mr. Hayes', are not given.

South Weymouth Universalist Society. Mr. Editor:—I cheerfully comply with your invitation to furnish a few statistics touching this society, marriages, deaths, funerals, &c.

1st. Tim. Chittent.—We have no organized church in our society, nor do we desire one separate and distinct from the society itself. According to the primitive meaning of this word, any body of men organized for religious purposes is a church. The original Greek word of which our word "Church" is a translation, we are told, means an assembly or gathering together of numbers for any common object, and is derived from a verb which signifies to call together.

Thus the gathering together of the Israelites to hear the law announced and expounded is called a church; their coming together in multitude into the temple for worship and instruction in holy things is called a church. The assembly of the Ephesians in the theatre when the preaching of Paul had created such a disturbance, is called a church. "Some," says Luke, "called one thing, and some another." For the assembly—the church—was confused. Many believers of Christ, therefore, as one gathered together in one place, or an assembled gathering together, whether more or less, constitutes a church of Christ in the primitive meaning of the term.

I do not know that any names have been added to the constitution of our society this year, for I have not the Secretary's book at my command. I know not that any names have been stricken from our record, I have during the year attended six funerals in and fourteen out of the society—in all, twenty. I have married seventeen couples, and I hope all are all true to the marriage relation, and all the other relations of life. If they are thus true to duty they will reap a harvest of good to themselves and meet the approbation of heaven.

I disapproved to my people last Sabbath, as it was the first Sabbath of the new year, upon the subject, *The Right Improvement of Time*. As we do not know what a day may bring forth, I urged it upon those who were found in the temple of worship to be found doing the work of the Lord, doing the work of God with their faces set heavenward, and with minds and hearts bent on living truly, wisely and well. Text, "Remembering the days are evil." Eph. v. 16. It is very much to be desired, especially by the disciples of our Lord, that they understand what the will of the Lord is, and cheerfully perform it. Yes, that they "do not drink with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit," "proving what is acceptable unto the Lord."

E. H. Methodist Church, East Weymouth. Mr. Editor:—The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Weymouth for the year ending Jan. 1, 1898, are as follows:

Admitted on probation, 53
" to full membership, 28
Removed by letter, 6
" by death, 3
Adults baptized, 30
Infants, 7
Marriages, 7

There is also a flourishing Sabbath School connected with this church, having a membership of 275.

Within the year an excellent paragon has been erected at an expense of \$14,000, and has been elegantly furnished throughout by the ladies of the society. This house is commodious and convenient, just such as a minister needs, and an ornament to the village and a credit to the church that has erected it. Their pastor, Rev. W. V. Morrison, has removed to it the present week.

Baptist Society, Weymouth Landing. The year of lapsidus during the year is 3; added by letter 7; while no additions, 10. Number dismissed, 8. Deaths among families of the congregation, 6. Marriages by the pastor, 14.

2d Cong. Society, South Weymouth. Mr. Editor:—Dear Sir:—Complying with your request, I send the following statistics of the Second Cong. Church and Society in Weymouth, for the year 1897.

No. of admissions to the Church, 4
" dismissed, 1
" deaths in the Society, 2
" marriages solemnized by the pastor, 8
Yours respectfully, J. P. Terry.

St. John's Church, North Weymouth. Mr. Editor:—Our congregation is larger this season than it has been any season for the past ten years since I have been in the place. It has been a season of unusual health. In a population of 120 families that I visit as belonging to my congregation, I have been called upon to attend but five funerals. I have attended some abroad.

We had a season of deep religious interest in May and June last. As the result of this, between 20 and 30 indulge the hope that they gave their hearts to Christ. Eleven have joined the church and others are looking forward to the same at an early day.

We observe the present week as a week of prayer. Evening meetings are regularly held Sabbath, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and others as circumstances demand. The Sabbath School has increased 30 per cent, since the pastor commenced his labors here. The sessions commence in the winter at 1:14 o'clock P. M., and in the summer at 9:14 o'clock A. M.

First Cong. Church, North Weymouth. The additions to this church have been 16 by profession, 1 by letter, during the year. The deaths in the society number 3, and 7 marriages have been solemnized by the pastor, Mr. Emery mentioned in his new year's sermon last Sabbath that during the thirty years of his pastoral labor in the parish, which period closes the 25th inst., there had been 324 deaths.

The society have introduced a new book for congregational singing during the year, and the adoption of this plan in the service of praise, has given universal satisfaction. A well trained choir, conducted by Mr. Wm. O. Nash, lead the singing, and the congregation unite.

The Sabbath School numbers 125, and has increased 20 during the year.

Congregational Church, E. Weymouth. The number of families connected with this society is 234, and there are 40 families in the branch church at Lovell's Corner. Out of the 65 families resident there, all have been represented in the society at times during the year.

There have been 41 additions to the church, and the pastor has solemnized 7 marriages and attended 14 funerals.

A revival took place last spring, in which 32 persons were received to the church, and there is considerable religious interest at the present time.

East Weymouth, Jan. 9, 1898. Mr. Editor:—The boat and shoe business is looking up. Mr. Canby has commenced operations at a reduced price, with which the workmen are content, as they are satisfied he will pay more when business is better.

The boatmen in the employ of M. C. Dyer & Co. refused to go to work at a reduction, and held a meeting last Saturday evening, at which some who did not work there, signed a paper not to interfere, but afterward took out work, and the old hands have commenced work at the reduced price, which was a smaller reduction than that made by other manufacturers.

The grammar school, to-day, invited their teachers, Mr. Jacobs, to a sing-song through Brampton to Randolph and back. They had a delightful time. The Methodist school also went sleigh-riding Wednesday.

There is much religious interest in the Methodist Church in this place. Many are enquiring what they must do to be saved. Our minister proposes holding a series of meetings next week. Many young persons are connected with this church, some of them very devoted. Mr. Morrison is much liked, and is very earnest in his work.

At a collection last Sunday to aid the M. E. Church in Hingham, they received \$100. N. P.

Rev. Mr. Morrison moved into the new paragon house recently erected by the Methodist Society of East Weymouth, last Monday.

A number of the parishioners of Rev. Mr. Wadron of East Weymouth, called at his house late evening during the holidays, and presented his wife, with a set of rich furs, worth \$150, as a Christmas present.

Rev. Mr. Rockwood's parishioners at North Weymouth also presented their pastor and wife with valuable gifts, the evening before Christmas, to the amount of about \$100, among them a nice overcoat.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER has been observed by the various evangelized societies in town this week, the subjects taken up each day being as follows: The Time Short; Union among Christians; Word of God; Individual Effort; Christian Character; Means of Grace; The Holy Spirit; Jesus Christ.

A cow, belonging to Mrs. Elizabeth Lord of East Street, East Weymouth, was taken from the stable to water last week, when she fell down, breaking one of her horns into the head. It was found necessary to kill the animal.

Accident.—Miss Eleanor Clapp, daughter of Mr. Chas. S. Clapp, of the Land- ing, fell on the ice near the depot last Saturday forenoon, and dislocated one of the elbows. Dr. Warren was called to attend her, and under his skillful treatment she is rapidly recovering.

BETWEEN coasting and sleigh-riding, the boys and girls have enjoyed themselves hugely this week. The public schools were treated to rides in expresses, and the incline of Washington street has been made rather hazardous for foot travel by the sliders.

STUDENT DEATH.—C. C. Jewett, Esq., Sup't of the Boston Public Library, was seized with apoplexy in the city on Wednesday, and brought to his home in East Braintree in a dying condition, where he expired that night.

The lectures at Lincoln Hall were opened Monday evening with the reading by Miss Marsh, which was listened to with much pleasure by an audience of about 200. The next entertainment will be a lecture by Rev. G. H. Aldrich on Monday evening.

The contract for the new engine house for Amazon engine company has been awarded to Mr. Alexander Sherman, of this town, for \$10,000, and its erection will be immediately proceeded with.

Headquarters Post No. 10.

Dist No. 2, Dept of Mass.

G. A. R. V.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, JAN. 1, 1898.

Editor Weymouth Gazette.—Sir: In accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Army of the Republic of the United States, the Asst. Adjutant General of the Department of Massachusetts by order of the Grand Commander of said Department, organized a Post in this place, on Thursday evening, Jan. 24, and after the initiation of the Charter Members the following were elected officers for the ensuing term:

Rev. Brig. Gen'l Benj. F. Pratt, Commander.
Eli Cully, Senior Vice Commander.
B. Frank Thomas, Junior Vice Commander.

Chas. G. Jones, Adjutant.
Lieut. Oliver Barrett, Quartermaster.
James Ford, Surgeon.
George L. Newton, Chaplain.

Rev. Major Francis A. Bicknell, Officer of the Day.

Chas. J. Sylvester, Officer of the Guard.

Until further orders, the Encampment of this Post will be held in Army and Navy Union Hall, over Bartlett's Store and Post Office, on Saturday evenings, at 7 o'clock P. M., where all honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors can be mustered, in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws of the Order.

Blank for applicants for membership, will be furnished by the Adjutant. The object and purpose of the Grand Army are thus set forth in the Second Article of the Constitution and By-Laws.

The results, which are designed to be accomplished by this organization are as follows:

1. The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together with the strong cords of love and affection, the soldiers at 1861 who have stood together in many battles, sieges, engagements, and marches.

2. To make these ties available in works and results of kindness to favor and material aid to those in need of assistance.

3. To make provision, where it is not already done, for the support, care and education of soldiers' and sailors' orphans, and for the maintenance of the widows of deceased soldiers and sailors.

4. For the protection and assistance of the rights of the late soldiers and sailors of the United States—morally, socially, and politically—with a view to inculcating a proper appreciation of their services to the country, and to a recognition of such service and claims by the American people.

5. For the establishment and defence of the rights of the late soldiers and sailors of the United States—morally, socially, and politically—with a view to inculcating a proper appreciation of their services to the country, and to a recognition of such service and claims by the American people.

6. The maintenance of true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, maintained by the disavowal of any act or policy which may tend to weaken loyalty, lead to insurrection, treason, or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defence of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men.

These objects are legitimate, patriotic, and noble, and worthy of the sympathy and cooperation of all the soldiers and sailors who participated in the struggle for the Union.

The Grand Army is now organized in twenty-eight States of the Union, and from the best information that can be obtained, now numbers nearly six hundred thousand members, and is steadily and constantly increasing.

In the organization of this Army the ever-ready constituted bodies consist of: Precinct organizations known as "Post No. —" (name of city, town, or ward); Department of (name of state); G. A. R.

District Organizations, known as District No. — (name of city, town, or ward); G. A. R.

State Organization, known as Department of — (name of state); G. A. R.

A National organization, known as "Grand Army of the Republic." Copies of the Constitution and By-Laws can be obtained on application to the Adj. of Post No. 10.

A Convention of Delegates from the Post now organized in this Department, was held at Department Headquarters, in Boston on Wednesday, Jan. 8, for the choice of officers for the Department for the year ensuing, and transaction of other important business.

The National Convention of the "Grand Army of the Republic" will be held in Philadelphia on Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1898.

The receiving tomb recently erected in the Old North Cemetery is a substantial structure of granite, and was erected at a cost of \$700.

The contract for the new engine house for Amazon engine company has been awarded to Mr. Alexander Sherman, of this town, for \$10,000, and its erection will be immediately proceeded with.

The Christmas festival at Rev. Mr. Rockwood's church, North Weymouth, was one of a very interesting character, and afforded a satisfactory entertainment to all present. The presents were very numerous, amounting, as we learn, to between \$100 and \$200 in value.

Among them were a handsome silver knife given by the class of young ladies under the instruction of Henry Newton, Esq., to their teachers; beautiful pictures presented by other classes to teachers; books from teachers to their class; sets of furs, boots, shoes, slippers, and a great variety of smaller articles.

The trustees of Speedwell Division, S. of T. made their annual report to the Division last Monday evening. Money on hand and invested, \$1095; value of furniture and fixtures, \$121; value of property belonging to the Division, \$1205.

No. of members the present quarter, 114.

The following officers were installed Monday evening:

W. P. Nathan Kingman, W. A. Joseph Ford, R. S. T. John Evans, A. R. S. John F. Cushing, F. S. Elton Turrell, J. T. Daniel Dyer, Camp, Thomas Barrett, C. Jacob F. Lord, A. C. Edwin P. Hill, I. S. Charles H. Burwell, O. S. G. M. Nash.

The members of the two engine companies at the Landing are determined that a fraternal feeling shall prevail between, and had not the hall under the Universalist church been engaged last Monday evening, a union social gathering would have been held by them in that place. It will come off as soon as the hall can be obtained.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PREPARATION, called at home and abroad, a real Hair Restorer or Dressing, (in one bottle). A great triumph of science. Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED, (see style). Every Dressmaker sells it. Price One Dollar.

Business Notices.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. A CHICKEN PLANT, nearly new, with 1000 eggs. Apply to A. H. THURTELL, Weymouth.

THE UNION NATIONAL BANK OF WEYMOUTH.

THE Stockholders of said Bank are hereby notified that their Annual Meeting for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before them, will be held at their Banking House, in Weymouth, on THURSDAY, the fourth day of January next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOHN W. LOR D, Cashier.

THE First National Bank of South Weymouth.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of South Weymouth, for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before them, will be held at their Banking House, in South Weymouth, on THURSDAY, the fourth day of January next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

JOHN W. LOR D, Cashier.

NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned Physicians and Surgeons of Weymouth, have adopted the following resolutions for the year 1898:

1. For the visit from A. M. to P. M., \$1.00
2. For the visit from P. M. to A. M., \$1.00
3. For consultation only, 50 cents
4. For medical examination, 50 cents
5. For vaccination, including subsequent treatment, 50 cents
6. For minor surgical operations, \$1.00 to \$10.00
7. For major surgical operations, \$10.00 to \$50.00
8. For delivery of placenta, 50 cents
9. For delivery of placenta, 50 cents
10. For delivery of placenta, 50 cents

When the above conditions are complied with, the undersigned will be pleased to attend to the cases of the sick and suffering.

HAIR RESTORATIVE. A. H. THURTELL, Weymouth.

TURNER'S TIGER BALM OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIC PILL.

For sale, certain and speedy cure for Neuralgia and all nervous diseases. The extract is made of the finest ingredients, and is a very short time. Neuralgia in the face or head is cured in a few hours. No form of Nervous Disease will resist its magic influence. It has the unqualified approval of many eminent physicians. It contains nothing injurious to the system. Sold everywhere. Price 10 cents. Prepared at 100, 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. Proprietors.

MAIRAGES.

In Hingham, Jan. 7, by Rev. Joshua Young, Josiah Edmund Lord to Abigail P. Waldron, both of this town.

In Quincy, Jan. 1, by Rev. D. W. Loring, John Joseph Berry of East Weymouth, to Mary E. Perival of Quincy.

In Braintree, Jan. 1, by Rev. Jonas Perkins, John S. Henderson to Miss Charlotte McArthur, all of this town.

Advertisements.

Old Colony & Newport Railway.

DIRECT ROUTE. From Weymouth to Boston, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Boston for New Bedford and Fall River, via Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Weymouth for Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Fall River for Weymouth, via Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Taunton for Weymouth, via Fall River, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Hingham for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave New Bedford for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and Boston. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Boston for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Weymouth for Boston, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Fall River for Weymouth, via Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Taunton for Weymouth, via Fall River, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Hingham for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave New Bedford for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and Boston. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Boston for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Weymouth for Boston, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Fall River for Weymouth, via Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Taunton for Weymouth, via Fall River, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Hingham for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave New Bedford for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and Boston. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Boston for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Weymouth for Boston, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Fall River for Weymouth, via Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Taunton for Weymouth, via Fall River, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Hingham for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave New Bedford for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and Boston. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Boston for Weymouth, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

TRAINS leave Weymouth for Boston, via Fall River, Taunton, Hingham, and New Bedford. Fare, 10 cents. Time, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. I.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1868.

NO. 38.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNINGS, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.
They would scarcely believe him when he told them that when in Thuroso some time ago, he on one occasion saw six hundred people sleep in church.—"Speech of Dr. Guthrie."

Over their devoted head
While the thunder dived,
Sung and headless—
Saw'd the six hundred.
Great was the preacher's theme;
Saw'd on was all the team;
Could he disturb the dream
Of the six hundred.
Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Sinking with hand and heel—
Making the pulpit reel—
Shaken and smother'd—
Call'd them the Church's foes—
Therewithal with endless woes—
Lamented the answer rose.
(Proofs of their deep repose)
From the united host
Of the six hundred.

TERS FROM CARLETON
Special correspondence of the Journal, with a tour around the world.
The past year has been a year of unusual interest to the people of this country. It has been a year of unusual interest to the people of this country. It has been a year of unusual interest to the people of this country.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.
There are no grander artistic performances than by Roman Catholic chorists. Many of the great masters were born in that church, and their spirits still wait in her "Misereatur," and weep in her "Stabat Mater," and triumph in her "Te Deum Laudamus."

And all the attempts of our churches to surpass theirs in the science of music will be ineffectual. But there is a power in good, hearty, manly, congregational singing to down out the cathedrals, Churches of the living God, lift up your voices!

LEGRAPIIC DISPATCHES.
We have yet fully to test this influence in battling with superstition. In the time of the Reformation, cardinal Cajetan said in regard to Luther, "He has conquered us with his songs." In those days a congregation assembled at mass; at the close of the service two boys began to sing one of Luther's chorals, and the congregation joined in, and they sang Roman Catholic, went away Protestants. SING! SING! What has made the Methodist church the most extensive of all denominations? Because it surpasses all others in heartiness of singing. The Methodists all sing! I have traveled up and down the land, and have seen many strange and curious things, but I never yet saw a Methodist that could not sing. They sing with their throats. They sing with their hands. They sing with their feet. So a Methodist man and his wife, down in the middle of a western prairie, and they begin to sing, and in a short time one side of them comes up a meeting-house, and they keep on singing till up comes a whole conference; and some autumn, we look over and find the prairies all on fire with a half dozen old-fashioned revivals. SING! SING!

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.
success achieved by this weekly visitor to reside of thousands, is owing less to the excellence of its contents than to the excellence of its execution as a weekly companion of and information, which is read by young and old with pleasure and gratification. "Clarke's Letter" always appears in the Weekly Advertiser. The Weekly is not a hastily prepared paper, but the matter is selected with care and judgment. It is a daily called especially for its column of "Clarke's Letter," which is a great help to the reader.

WILKINS' OPINION OF THE CIRCUS.
BY JOHN QUILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins staid at my hotel on New Year's evening, while on a short visit to Oldenale, and as their room was adjacent to mine, I could not avoid hearing the following conversation:—"Mrs. Wilkins, I say I won't do it, so you might just as well stop your chatter. I ain't going to spend money for circus tickets for you to go down and fold away your time in wickedness and sin, you can bet I ain't."

"But, Wilkins, you know it is a perfectly moral exhibit."
"I don't know anything of the kind. It's a regular haunt of debauchery and vice, and you shan't go to it while you're my wife. Do you understand that? If you had a shilling's worth of decency, you wouldn't want to go. The idea of a woman of your weight, and with such a shape, too, wanting to go to the circus, I've no doubt, for the purpose of making a *debut* before the public. A pretty looking figure you'd cut!"

"Wilkins, you know I don't want any such!"
"Yes, and appearing very likely as the 'Prairie Flower,' dressed up in an outrageous lot of furs and feathers, with your face painted three times as much as usual, and a ring through your nose, and looking exactly like some old Hot-tent idol, and having half the niggers in the place mistaking you for some graven image, and bowing down to you, while you straddle a stuffed buffalo in a cage, and imagine you're cutting a swell. I won't have it. No!"

"Wilkins, you talk like a—"
"Or else, very likely, have you coming out in pink tights!"

"Wilkins, I'll—"
"In pink tights, standing on one leg on the back of a speckled jackass, and flying around the ring, with a man in spangles after you, trying to put his arm around you, while the body of a clown stands in the middle, and tries to crack a miserable one-sided joke about you to the ring-master. That would be nice, wouldn't it? You'd like it, wouldn't you? But I just want you to understand that I don't marry you with the intention of letting you make an equestrian Black-Cock of yourself. If I had got married for that, I would have married a woman whose stockings didn't have to be exactly the same size all the way up!"

"Wilkins, I'll break—"
"I'd have married a woman who would have had loftier ambition than to be female-supe at a ninth-class circus, and who wouldn't be going out into the green room every five minutes to taste samples, and falling in love with a degraded wretch who throws hipflaps for a living, and coming home at one o'clock in the morning smelling of sawdust and tan, and having the nightmare, and I dreaming she was going round the ring, and kicking me like the nation in her sleep!"

"I declare, Mr. Wilkins, you're perfectly outrageous!"
"But you shan't go. My mind's made up. You just went me to buy you tickets, and get you in, and then, the first thing, you'll break for the ring, and come home smelling of the flying trapeze, or carrying around on some gaudy, miserable, or other, and bringing disgrace and misery on your family. But I won't give my sanction to any such indecency. I refuse to be a partner of your crimes. If you go, you'll have to borrow the money to go on. Not one cent of my cash do you get. Mind that now!"

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins!"
"Oh, don't 'but Mr. Wilkins' me; You need not try to put on any sweetness with me; I've got over that. That worked well enough when I was courting you, but I've found you out!"

"Ain't you ashamed?"
"I've found you out, and now I'm going to protect my children from the influence of your awful example. You're ruining their morals with this scandalous circus business. It was only yesterday that I saw Mary Jane, in all her girlish innocence, trying to balance herself on one leg on the rocking-horse, which filled and threw her head foremost against the dining-room window, and broke five dollars' worth of glass, and like to have killed the innocent child, just as it did this morning, when she tried to jump off the kitchen dresser through a barrel-shop covered with paper in his hand, when she caught her dress in one of the nails, and fell against the table, and knocked the butcher knife down and cut the dog's tail off close to the hilt. And all along with your confounded nonsense. I say I—"

"What an awful story, Mr. Wilkins!"
"I say I won't submit to it. I won't submit to having Holofernes Montgomery skinning the cat on the clothes line, and knocking my clean shirt collars into the slop-bucket, so that they smell like the almshouse for a month, while William Henry tries to swallow the carving knife like the sword-eater, and nearly bleeds to death on account of cutting a gash a yard long in his tongue!"

"A yard long? That's perfectly ridiculous!"
"Two yards long. It's absolutely infamous for the mother of five children to encourage Holofernes Montgomery to stretch himself out between two chairs, while William Henry and Breckinridge Augustus stand on him to make a living pyramid, with the baby on the top, as the infant phenomenon, until Holofernes Montgomery doubles up like a pocket-knife, and the whole concern comes down, and nearly transfixes the baby on the iron skewer. It's unnatural conduct in a mother, and I—"

"You know, I never did!"
"I'm ashamed of you, I'm ashamed that any woman who belongs to me should be putting her offspring up to educating animals, and encouraging William Henry to make the cat ride around the grass-plot on the dog's back, until the animal spit and growled, and scratched gullies in his hide, and then got up a first-class scrimmage with the dog, who like to bit the nozzle off of her, and spoiled her scent for life, while Holofernes Montgomery tried to walk the slack rope on the clothes-line, and pulled the whole grape-arbor over on him, and cut his head open, so you could see his brains!"

"There's not a word of truth in—"
"Yes, there is thought!"
"There isn't; and it's outrageous to talk in that way, for you especially, after behaving in the way you have done!"

"Pshaw, you talk as wild as a clam!"
"Yes, and to run down circus actors after your scandalous conduct, it's perfectly—"

"What conduct? What's the matter with you, anyway?"
"Oh, you know well enough. You know you've been reading presents to that red-headed girl down at the Hippodrome, while your poor wife and children are starving to death, and it was only last Wednesday you took her out buggy-riding, and—and—you'll break—my heart—yes, you will!"

"Oh, pshaw! Sarah, there now, don't cry! I didn't mean it. There, now; she is only my cousin; I was only in fun, Sarah Jane. Here's the money for the tickets, if you want to go; Sarah Jane, Sarah Jane, Well, cry then, cry, who cares? You can weep a tubful for all I care. Hang such a woman as you!"

And Wilkins went down stairs and spent the night playing cards in the basement. But they must have made it up, for it was only the next day that I heard him abusing her for leaving a darned needle in his stocking.

AMERICAN INCIDENT.—Just after the train at Angola was wrecked, a child—a babe—scarcely old enough to talk plain, was picked up near one of the wrecked cars, by a brakeman, seemingly unconscious of what had occurred. It showed some signs of life, however, and the moment it discovered that an arm encircled its waist, it nestled closely up to the man, uttered the words "Papa," "Mamma," and died without contraction of a muscle. Only a few moments elapsed from the time it was taken up until it died. A beautiful smile encircled the lips after death, so life-like, such as would have been the case had its last sweet words upon earth been uttered in the quiet and happy family circle at home.

A NEW LEGACY.—The following is an extract from the Will of the late Charles Saunders Esq., of Gloucester, Mass.:—"Believing as I do, that drunkenness is a crime, and likewise the origin of a large portion of the crimes, vices and misery which exist among us, I am desirous to do all in my power for its prevention and cure, by establishing in Gloucester, the place of my ancestors, a permanent salary to be paid to some worthy man who has discretion and zeal for the cause, to be constantly employed as a missionary in the cause of Temperance; in reforming old drunkards, and preventing young drunkards, and abolishing, as far as possible, the use of all intoxicating articles. I therefore give and bequeath to the town of Gloucester the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be held as a permanent fund, the interest of which shall be paid quarterly as salary to the person employed for the above mentioned purpose, as long the vice therein exists."

CONTRAST OF SLAVES AND FREE LABOR.

A speaker contrasts the advantages to commerce resulting from the emancipation of the slaves in the South as follows: "I have always wondered that the merchants of New-York were so careless in regard to the liberty of the enslaved in our midst. I have always wondered that the merchant class permitted the continued bondage of any people. Why? Every single man that becomes educated, becomes a consumer in the ratio of the number of faculties which you develop in him. To take a single instance from which you may yourself follow out the thought: What is a slave good for to a merchant of New-York? What does he sell for him? He sells a whip, and a pair of shoes, and a course kind of clothing. Twenty dollars per year will cover all that he wants. Does he sell him looking-glasses? I think not. Does he sell him trunks? He has nothing to put in them. Does he sell him any of the ten thousand little cosmetics for the hair and face? I believe not. Does he sell him locks and keys? He has nothing to lock up; he uses as fast as he steals. What does he sell him? broadcloth? woollens? fine cottons? linens? China? pictures? books? Any of these? None! There's a yarn? None of these things? What does he sell for the slave? Brogans, coarse—an article in which there is the most competition and the least profit made; plain, coarse garments. That is all. All the rest of the slave's wants are shut up. Every faculty has the lock-jaw. Make him a free man, and what is the effect of beginning to open up a man? It is to make him an object of commercial interest."

When I went to the Island of—two or three years ago, on landing I saw boxes and bales and barrels of goods, and inquired of a gentleman: "Do the slaves buy as much or more than they used to?" Ten times as much, he replied. But how do they pay for what they buy? Why, said he, they are the only men down here that have anything to buy with. What do they buy? They buy a great many things. As one of the most effective things is this. As soon as they are free they begin to say, My wife shan't work in the field, and they take her home and keep her in the house, and then they want a colored urban for her, then they begin to want a carpet for their floor. But what do you think is the first thing that they want to buy on becoming free? I was surprised when he told me that it was a candle!

And their reason for that ought to touch every heart. When slaves, they were forbidden to light a candle in their cabins, and the only lights they saw were in the houses of their masters. The moment they became free, the first test which they applied to their liberty was this: If we can have candles of our own, and can light them and blow them out when we please, we shall know that we are free. And so every man bought candles. To me it was emblematic of the shining of that greater light of intelligence; of that more glorious light and liberty of the sons of God. The poor, despised slave, trembling with joy, carrying a tallow candle in his house, and lighting it and keeping it there, might well say, Glory to God! Light has come to me in my darkness.

And so it is all the world over. The moment you make a man love his wife and children better than he did before, he wants to give comfort and happiness to the wife, and to send the children to school; he wants to make his home larger, more attractive, more full of joy; and you are to manufacture for him and sell him the things required. There are today five millions of men that are calling to the mills, that are calling to the stores, that are calling to the shops for supplies, that five years ago had no voice and no place in commerce. (Applause.) That which is true of our own land is true of all the world; that the more you make of a man, the more he needs to support him. And the more he must labor to get the means wherewith to buy; and the higher up he goes, the more costly are the things that he needs, and the more activity is required to produce them. And commerce, at all things in the world, cannot afford to make shackles or make whips, or to bind chains on men. Commerce, ought here, and everywhere, the world around, to stand on the broad ground of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY! (Applause.)

The new steel rails for the Hudson River Railway are said to cost one hundred and sixty dollars a ton in gold.

STORY OF A LOCAL REPORTER.

Mr. James Duffy was the off-spring of impecunious but otherwise honest parents, who instilled into his mind many moral precepts, and threw around him more kindly parental influence than you get elsewhere in a week. Jim was the child of their hope, and often, when his mother tucked him into his bed at night, she would bend down over him and gently kiss his forehead and push back his golden hair, while in the far future her loving eyes thought they saw her only Jim going about doing good to his fellow-men, and acting as agent for a blessing upon society, and carrying a blessing with him as he went through life.

Thus did this tender parent think she saw Jim, but she evidently hadn't her hand in at second sight. She was a self-sacrificing woman and a good house-keeper, but as a gazer into the future she was a complete failure.

For although Jim had been brought up in the way he should go, when he got old he departed from it, and branched out into another line. He blessed his mothers' hopes, and dishonored his father's gray hairs by becoming a local reporter.

That was his strong point. If there was any one thing on which he could spread himself with a sense of hearty enjoyment, it was local reporting. When he was a baby he would lay awake in his cradle, and instead of playing with his toys, he would cry till you'd think he would burst a blood-vessel, if he couldn't get his regular daily journal to play with; and when he grew up he would go out into the alley and grab a chunk of chalk and write imaginary accidents on the fence. After a while he went to school, and he would sit there on the bench depressed and out of heart, hour after hour, until the copy-books were handed around, when he would pick up his pen with tender joy and go in on heavy head-lines.

It made no difference whatever to Jim Duffy what the copy was. It might be "Contentment is better than Wealth," or "Perseverance Conquers all Things," or "Virtue is its own Reward," or any other capable old saw, but it was perfectly immaterial to Mr. Duffy; for his instincts were strong, and he could no more help scribbling across a sheet of paper with such copies as "A disastrous conflagration is a good thing," or "A brutal atrocity is always to be desired"—he could no more help this, I say, than you could help saying "yes" if anybody asked you to take a thousand-dollar bill when you were dead broke, and deserted by your friends.

He never spoke of summer merely as "summer"; it was a matter of religious principle with him to characterize it as the "cheated winter," and when he wanted to express winter, he called it the "cold spell." If he went to Sunday School, he would come home and creep into his mother's lap, and lay his head upon her breast, and tell what he saw there. But he did not express himself in the innocent prattle of childhood; on the contrary, he would say, "the exercise passed off with great *edat*, the *elite* of the city were there, and the feature of the occasion was the magnificent course of sweet sound which was deliciously discoursed by the charming young lady at the melodion."

These strong proclivities in Jim were developed in his childhood, and although his mother still cherished a hope that she would see him one day acting as ticket-taker at a soup-house, or as a ladle-wielder, Jim was doomed to reach the depths of degradation at which even an ordinary plaster-Paris angel might weep and shudder.

As soon as he grew up, he went and took a job, at five dollars a week, as a reporter on the *Daily Ensign*. His mother shed gallons of actual tears, and his gray-headed sire told him that localizing was necessarily a low calling; but James was immovable, and he staid to his gray-headed sire's that he didn't get out of the way there would be material furnished for an item on filial impiety.

And Jim was a good local reporter, and the only thing he cared for on this side of the grave was an item. Give him only one item and he would swell over it until he would rip all the side seams in his shirt. For that was his weakness. And he educated himself up to such a pitch that he would fairly glow over human misery. If a man was only run over by a milk-wagon and mangled so that he couldn't budge, Jim would feel as good as if he had just taken a drink of something warm and strengthening. And if any stray boy or other went around anywhere where the attraction of gravitation was strong, and fell off a four-story house, and dislocated his

neck and expired on the pavement, Jim Duffy's heart would expand with bliss, and he would make it his particular business to send round and give a ten cent stamp to a hungry beggar had as a thank-offering. It seemed cruel, but it was his nature, and he absolutely had to do it. And if some man would butcher a fellow-creature, James would feel so overjoyed that he would leave his work and go out and sacrifice to some old idol or other, just to relieve his feelings and express his sense of gratitude.

DINNER PARTY IN ABYSSINIA.
A great degree of skepticism, says a London paper, has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde* or raw meat to the guests to the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital at Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and its feet strongly tied; after which the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of telf placed, like dishes down the table, without cloth or anything else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which in the time of war they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so ranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former, with his long knife, begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the knife is yet perfectly distinct.

In Abyssinia, no man of any fashion feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces somewhat smaller than dice. They lay upon a portion of the telf bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand, and upon his neighbor's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth, the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, they say, eat small pieces, and in silence. Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbor on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on until he is satisfied.

He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment.

THE HUMAN VOICE AS INDICATIVE OF CHARACTER.—There are light, quick, surface voices, that involuntarily seem to utter the slang, "I won't do to tie to." The man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, and yet his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, deep, strong voices, where the words seem ground out as if the man owed humanity a grudge, and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may trust his strength of purpose and ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons, who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous tone, that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "You-can't-dupe-me-sir" intonation.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice, that says "sympathant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you its words say, "I love you—I admire you—you are everything you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical, compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes with blunt features, but always with a genuine benevolence.

If you are cold, and calm and firm, and consistent, or fickle, and foolish and deceptive, your voice will be equally truth-telling.

SERMON BY BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The following is a portion of a sermon delivered by Brigham Young in the old Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on the 8th inst. Speaking of the destiny of the Mormons, he said:

What will be the final result of the restoration of the gospel, and the destiny of the Latter-day Saints? If they are faithful to the priesthood which God has bestowed upon us, the gospel will revolutionize the whole world of mankind; the earth will be sanctified, and God will glorify it, and the Saints will dwell upon it in the presence of the Father and the Son. We need to exert our powers, and call forth all the ability within us, and put into requisition every talent that God has given us, to bring about this glorious result, to bear off this Kingdom, and see that the gospel is preached to all the inhabitants of the earth. This is our duty and calling. It is obligatory upon us to see that the gospel is preached into the House of Israel; to do all that is in our power to gather up the hand of their fathers; and to gather up the fullness of the Gentiles before the gospel can go with success to the Jews. We are under obligations to establish the Zion of our God upon the earth, and establish and maintain its laws, so that the law of the priesthood of the Son of God may govern and control the people.

On the subject of temporal duties and provision for the poor and needy the speaker said:

I am now going to preach you a short sermon concerning our temporal duties; My sermon is to the poor and to those who are not poor. As a people we are not poor; and we wish to say to the Bishops, not only in this city, but through the country, "Bishops, take care of your poor." The poor in this city do not number a great many. I think there are a few over 70 who draw sustenance from the General Tithing Office. They come to the Tithing Office, or somebody comes for them, to draw their sustenance. If some of your clever arithmeticians will sit down and make a calculation of the hours lost in rooming from the various parts of the city to the Tithing office, and in waiting around there; and then value those hours, if occupied in some useful employment, at twelve and a half cents each, every eight of them making a dollar, it will be found that the number of dollars thus lost by these seventy odd persons in a week would go far towards sustaining them. We have among us some brethren and sisters who are not strong nor healthy and they must be supported. We wish to adopt the most economical plan of taking care of them. Where you have brethren who are not strong enough to saw and split wood, or do some kind of outdoor work, agree with some chairmaker to have his chairs bottomed, and get rushes and set the brethren to bottoming the chairs. If you cannot get that for them to do, procure some flags or rushes, and let them make foot mats, and sell them, but do not ask too high a price for them; do not ask a dollar or two dollars each for them, for one can be made in an hour or two. And if the market should get stocked with them, get some willows, and have willow baskets made, and you can successfully stock the market with them, for they wear out almost as fast as they can be made. In the Spring have these brethren sow some broom-corn—they will enjoy working a little out of doors in the nice Spring weather; and then in Fall they can make brooms with the corn. By pursuing this course a Bishop will soon be able to say, "I have accomplished a good work; the brethren and sisters, whom I had to help are now in a condition to help themselves." And in a short time, if their labor and time are wisely employed, you can build for them the finest house in the ward. You may call it a poorhouse if you choose, though it should be the best house in the ward; and there its inmates can enjoy themselves, the younger ones can be taught music, and thus a source of enjoyment be created, as well as being taught in various kinds of profitable employment; and the lives of all be made a blessing to themselves, they being in the enjoyment of happiness and comfort. You may think that I am painting a fancy sketch, but it is practicable, and these are places I intend to visit by and by.

THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JAN. 27, 1866.

W. C. H. CUNNINGHAM is the duly authorized General Agent for the Gazette, and all receipts given by him will be acknowledged.

POLITICAL.—A movement is on foot among the friends of E. S. Beals, Esq., of this town, now in government service in Georgia, to place him in nomination for Congress as Representative from the Second Cong. District, when Mr. Ames term expires, which takes place the present year. Letters have been received from prominent gentlemen in various parts of the District, strongly in favor of his nomination and election, and arrangements are now being made and perfected to ensure the success of the movement, by those who have unlimited confidence in his integrity and ability, and who feel that his election would be an honor to the District. In alluding to the nomination of Mr. Beals, a gentleman of note says:—General Grant will be nominated for President upon the call of the people, and nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to have the same spirit and enthusiasm nominate Mr. Beals. Another says, I know of no gentleman in the District who in my opinion is more eminently qualified for the position, and I do not but he would do honor to himself, the District, and to his constituents.

Much other testimony of like tenor might be furnished, but these will suffice to show the prevailing sentiment of the community toward the estimable gentleman whose name will so prominently appear in the political campaign of 1868, and whose success in the contest may be considered certain.

THE DESTITUTION AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON.—Mr. Editor:—While visiting among the colored people of Washington this winter, it has been very unpleasant as well as heart rending to witness the suffering among them. During the summer months many of them can find some work to do, but when the winter months come they are without employment.

Owing to the difference of opinion on political questions, many of the contractors in this corporation the past summer were very indignant as to the colored people having a privilege to vote, which was conferred on them by act of congress and a large number of men were discharged on account of their not voting with the Johnson party. With this state of feeling there was a portion signed and presented by many of the citizens of Washington to congress, for an equal share of all on door labor, for which we have the assurance of Hon. Charles Sumner that it shall be attended to in due time. With such a state of opinion as above described, we cannot expect any favors from the opposite party. By the direction of President Johnson, through Gen. O. C. Howard, all soup houses were to stop issuing any rations to any of the colored people; even the sick and persons who heretofore had been drawing half rations were obliged under those orders to go to the hospital. But under the special act of Congress, a relief of \$15,000 was given to the colored people of Washington, through the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau (Gen. O. C. Howard) which it had been equally divided would have amounted to but a little more than fifty cents to each person. A great part of these people were very poor, some requiring more assistance than others; consequently it was necessary that some families should have three or four dollars a month; but by special order of Dr. Reichen, head surgeon, in the Freedmen's Bureau, not more than two dollars a month was given to any family.

While trying that experiment it was found by Mrs. J. S. Gilling, Sup't. of the eastern district, that there were many families who were nearly starving. With this state of suffering the people of Washington rose up with indignation, and rushed to the assistance of the hungry and poor without distinction of color; many of our churches were opened and appeals made in their behalf, and there were in this city some four or five soup houses that are supported, not by the Freedmen's Bureau, but by the generous people of Washington. With this aid many are now able to get something to prevent starvation, but no assistance as yet has been furnished for the poor, for clothing the naked, and I now appeal to the generous and noble hearted people of Weymouth who stand in the eyes of the colored people as the "Northern Star," to do something for the suffering poor of this city. Pastors of churches, call your people together and remind them that he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; choose your committees to visit the neighborhoods and collect cast off and worn out garments, and send them, packed in barrels, to No. 13 Cornhill, Boston, directed to me, and they will be forwarded immediately. I can relieve many sufferers, that are traveling our streets nearly naked, crying for some of our old shoes to prevent their feet from freezing. From all who will listen to this call, in my own native town, I ask a response.

THOMAS TORREY.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.—The Soldiers' Monument Committee of North Weymouth have contracted for a Granite Monument to be erected by E. C. Sargent of Quincy, to be 25 feet high, and to have tablets of the best Italian Marble for the names of the "Immortal Dead." The names are published in another column, so that all friends of the deceased can see if any errors exist, and have them corrected by notifying either of the Committee any time during this month, as the Marble Works will commence on them the first of February. We understand that the Monument will be drawn on the ground while it is frozen, as the stone cannot be drawn on the hill after the frost is out, that the foundation will not be laid until the frost is out and the ground settled, and that the whole will be completed on or before the first of June.

The contract has been signed by the committee and contractor, and the contract and drawings for the Monument approved by unanimous vote of the election, and in accordance with a vote of the town. The contract is for \$2400, which includes the granite, laid and base, tablets, inscriptions, and shields, and the stone steps, side stones, and other work not included in the contract, will make the amount needed about \$2700, which will be about \$500 more than the share of the appropriation voted by the town to the first and second districts, as it is understood that their share will be only \$2200 of the \$12,000 voted by the town last March. The contract was given to the lowest bidder, and there was a difference in the estimate of five different contractors, varying from \$2466, up to \$3700.

The front base of the monument will be ornamented with a mounted cannon and the rear with a device of crossed swords while on the side will be the legend—"They died for their country." Near the apex of the shaft two shields will be inscribed—one containing the "Stars and Stripes," the other, U. S. The monument will be a handsome structure, and its commanding site will make it a conspicuous object.

EAST ABINGTON ITEMS.

THEFTING.—A maid of Erin recently called at one of our markets, and while enjoying the particular "woman's right" which consists in examining and pricing every article for sale, managed, under cover, to slip a junk of ham under her shawl, and was about leaving, with the usual remark, "I'll not take anything to-day," when the marketman missed his bacon, and told her he would weigh that ham for her, so that she might know how many pounds she had stolen. Dropping the ham she left, instanter, taking with her a fresh cod which was hanging outside the door.

The next morning the fish was found hanging to the door knob of the market, with the following explanatory note in its mouth:—"I could not kape the fish. Me heart is broke to forgive me." Not all of our thieves are as honest. One of our dry goods dealers lost a dress pattern not long since. Suspicion rested on no one. The owner called on the dress-makers in the village, and made known his loss. He soon received word that a piece of print corresponding with his description of the missing goods had been delivered for making up. The husband of the lady then received a polite note from the store keeper, informing him that an unpaid bill of goods awaited his earliest convenience for settlement, which he promptly settled, neither debtor or creditor speaking in regard to the purchase.

FAME.—Talking with a friend recently, in regard to the hard times, we chanced to remark that Dickens was coming money easily and rapidly. "How does he get his living?" inquired our friend. We told him, "Never heard of him before," said he. "We were satisfied that a person could be tolerably intelligent, and never have heard of the great novelist, and that literary fame was worth about as much as an anchor would have been in the deluge."

THE STENOGRAPHER.—This sheet, since its recent proprietorial change, has assumed a character which indicates the possession of a sufficiency of greenbacks, and that the editorial chair is not occupied so much for a means of livelihood, as for the opportunity it affords of enjoying that pleasant of pleasant things—saying what one pleases! The last week's issue says—"if our articles please, very well. If they don't, it is all the same." We protest that unpleasant articles are not so pleasant as pleasant ones. L. D. P.

EAST WEYMOUTH.—A correspondent of the Randolph Register says—"The Young Men's Christian Union, of this place, composed of the young men of the Congregational and Methodist churches—re-organized last week by choosing Jacob F. Dizer, president, Eben Pratt secretary, and Eben Pratt secretary. I understand this organization is in a very flourishing condition. It numbers about forty members."

Mr. Nathl Rogers, whose property in North Weymouth was entirely destroyed by fire a short time since, has brought out the store of Mr. Dow in East Weymouth. Thirteen persons have taken out license to sell liquor in Weymouth, since the election.

WEYMOUTH BAND.—Stetson's Weymouth Band held their annual meeting at their Band Room on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, to organize for the ensuing year.

They were called to order by W. W. Raymond, Clerk, and after listening to remarks from some of the older members, pertinent to the occasion, proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted in the choice of Messrs. C. L. Stetson for Leader, R. B. Raymond, 2d leader, and W. W. Raymond, Clerk. Wm. H. Stetson, G. A. Gustin, and W. W. Raymond, were chosen Business Committee.

As the Band have made no changes, but retain their members of last year, we have no hesitation in saying, that under the present efficient leaders they will not fail to give general satisfaction to the public, to whom they are ever grateful for the many favors received.

The expenses of the Band for the past two years, (not including their instruments) will amount to \$1800.00 and upwards, and the profits of course have not been large. But they anticipate the present year a large increase of business, and consequently more profit.

The Weymouth Band is the oldest musical organization in town, and we think in the county, having been organized in 1814. Although many changes have been made, some by death and others by withdrawal, or removal to other localities, yet they have sustained that general good reputation with which they have always been honored. Many very valuable additions have been made to their Library, since last season, and we hope the same will be appreciated by the public.

BANK MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Union National Bank of Weymouth, held the 11th inst., the old Board of Directors were re-elected, viz: Messrs. Minot Tirrell, James Jones, Gilman Burdell, Jonathan French, Joseph Lord, Albert Humphrey, Amos S. White, Thomas Humphrey, and John W. Lord. Subsequently the Board was organized by the re-election of Minot Tirrell, Esq., President. The meeting was a very pleasant one, and the Directors and President were unanimously elected.

This Bank paid five per cent dividends in April and October last, and the prospect is good for paying the same in April next.

STATE HOUSE, Jan. 1, 1868.

Dear Gazette:—At noon we stepped into our "House of Commons." The grand old hall seems bereft of its ancient and appropriate appointments, and pristine emblems; has domed spacious arched looking arm chairs and profuse network of elaborate trimmings we could hardly realize it was the same arena where, years since, General N. P. Banks, with Henry Clay's civility and more than regal dignity, handled the matter in the Speaker's chair, surrounded by such a cordon of diamond pointed intellects as Barnwell of Boston, Griswold of Greenfield, Robinson of Marblehead, Tappan of Pepperell, Allen of Northfield, and Wilcox, &c. In those progressive "Good" days members who enjoyed equity, possessed ample brains and a keen command of language, would loom up in popular estimation notwithstanding their hard-worked and men-homely years. A glance now at the new upholstery and Parisian-looking furniture in the House, would seem to add a logical inference that for deterioration of intellect in the newly installed troops of delegated wisdom, some experienced political engineer had, in the nick of time, resorted to the cunning nation's expedient to divert attention from sudden and unexpected callers, by loading the dinner table with champagne and champagne dew-drops, and nothing for the stomach to luxuriate upon but sea-suckles and a stunted measure of antiquated dogmatism!

But upon careful scrutiny of intellectual composition here, we seem to discover more than average amount of practical, manifest working talent. As a body they seem remarkably good looking, with significant smiles flitting in the expression of the Young America ring thereof, as though something was afoot—that feathers would fly ere the ides of March. More anon.

KROOKER.

Union Cong. Church S. Weymouth. Admissions during the last year.

By profession,	32
By letter,	3
Deceased,	2
Dismissed to another Church,	1
Male members,	105
Female,	130
Non residents,	10

Information Wanted.—Will some one who takes your paper inform its numerous readers what constitutes true manhood. An article on this topic may be production of good to the community.

A question submitted for thoughts and sober reflection.—If virtue is preferable to vice, why are there so many vicious people found in any community?

Fraternally, E. HEWITT.

LIST OF DECEASED SOLDIERS.

The following list of names of deceased soldiers, prepared by the monument committee, is submitted for inspection by the townspeople that errors and omissions may be corrected on or before the first of February, when the names go to the marble cutter to be put on the tablets. Any person seeing any error is requested to notify either of the committee before Feb. 1st.

12th Mass. Infantry, Co. H.

Killed in Battle.
J. G. Statter, Aug. 28, 1862—age 19 years.
J. H. Blackmer, Dec. 15, 1862—age 20 years.
Henry Stevens, Dec. 15, 1862—age 21 years.
W. Vining, July 1, 1863—age 22 years.
Lt. E. Thomas, July 1, 1863—age 23 years.
Lt. D. B. Barrell, May 25, 1864—age 31 years.
Josiah Thompson, Jr., May 8, 1864—age 22 yrs.
Died in Rebel Prison.
C. E. Cushing, June 12, 1864—age 21 years.
W. Thayer, Nov. 3, 1864—age 32 years.
J. W. Jones, 1862—age 30 years.
Lorenzo Torrey, 1862—age 20 years.

35th Mass. Infantry, Co. H.

Killed in Battle.
D. W. Cushing, Sept. 17, 1862—age 21 yrs.
Wm. Pike, Sept. 17, 1862—age 21 yrs.
W. W. Smith, Sept. 17, 1862—age 21 yrs.
Daniel Lanson, Sept. 17, 1862—age 20 yrs.
J. T. Holmes, Mar. 18, 1863—age 20 yrs.
J. Q. Hunt, July 30, 1864—age 21 years.
Leonard Pratt, July 30, 1864—age 21 years.
Died of Wounds.
C. H. Robbins, Sept. 27, 1862—age 22 years.
N. E. Winslow, January 25, 1863—age 22 years.
S. E. Willis, July 17, 1863—age 40 years.
H. S. Hollis, Aug. 19, 1863—age 41 years.
Died in Rebel Prison.
C. A. Crocker, 1862—age 20 years.

Other Regiments.

Killed in Battle.
R. F. Foss, 11th Infantry, Co. F, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
E. Crocker, 11th Inf., Co. E, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
R. L. Torrey, 11th Inf., Co. B, Aug. 29, 1862—age 27 years.
W. H. Baker, 14th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 30, 1862—age 20 years.
E. E. Goolidge, 12th Inf., Co. C, Aug. 30, 1862—age 35 years.
J. Q. Whitmarsh, 12th Inf., Co. C, Sept. 17, 1862—age 35 years.
W. A. Lewis, 38th Inf., Co. D, June 14, 1863—age 25 years.
E. E. Tufant, 11th Inf., Co. F, July 2, 1863—age 4 years.
O. S. Blanchard, 38th Inf., Co. G, May 6, 1863—age 4 years.
J. T. Dame, 32d Inf., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 yrs.
W. M. Aldrich, 10th Inf., Co. L, Sept. 20, 1864—age 21 yrs.
M. L. Lathrop, 13th Inf., Co. E, Aug. 20, 1862—age 21 yrs.
E. L. Joyce, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 16, 1864—age 31 years.
W. L. Barrell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 22, 1864—age 31 years.

Other Regiments.

Henry F. Remond, Mounted Rangers.
Thomas Cahill, 4th Cav., Co. A, 1864.
Died of Wounds.
G. W. Ricknell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 years.
L. P. Eldredge, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, May 27, 1864—age 21 years.
G. A. Carter, 24th Mass., Co. G, Sept. 29, 1864—age 18 years.
J. Q. Pratt, 4th Cav., Co. B, April 11, 1864—age 18 yrs.
G. E. Willett, 4th Cav., Co. B, Dec. 14, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. Sheahan, 10th Inf., Co. D, July 8, 1862—age 18 yrs.
C. L. Richards, 18th Inf., Co. H, May 29, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. E. Loney, 64th N. Y. Inf., Co. E, Dec. 2, 1863—age 30 years.
N. S. Johnson, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 10, 1864—age 18 yrs.
J. L. Francis, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 21, 1864—age 18 yrs.
E. S. Williams, 18th Cav., Co. E, Aug. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.
Henry Hewitt, 4th Cav., Co. B, Oct. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.

Other Regiments.

W. S. Allington, 11th Inf., Co. F, Dec. 7, 1861—age 20 years.
G. H. Goolidge, 11th Inf., Co. K, Jan. 10, 1862—age 23 yrs.
C. G. Penning, 9th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 13, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. D. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
D. W. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Torrell, 32d Inf., Co. L, Aug. 28, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Jones, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, Nov. 20, 1863—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.

Other Regiments.

R. E. Foss, 11th Infantry, Co. F, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
E. Crocker, 11th Inf., Co. E, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
R. L. Torrey, 11th Inf., Co. B, Aug. 29, 1862—age 27 years.
W. H. Baker, 14th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 30, 1862—age 20 years.
E. E. Goolidge, 12th Inf., Co. C, Aug. 30, 1862—age 35 years.
J. Q. Whitmarsh, 12th Inf., Co. C, Sept. 17, 1862—age 35 years.
W. A. Lewis, 38th Inf., Co. D, June 14, 1863—age 25 years.
E. E. Tufant, 11th Inf., Co. F, July 2, 1863—age 4 years.
O. S. Blanchard, 38th Inf., Co. G, May 6, 1863—age 4 years.
J. T. Dame, 32d Inf., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 yrs.
W. M. Aldrich, 10th Inf., Co. L, Sept. 20, 1864—age 21 yrs.
M. L. Lathrop, 13th Inf., Co. E, Aug. 20, 1862—age 21 yrs.
E. L. Joyce, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 16, 1864—age 31 years.
W. L. Barrell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 22, 1864—age 31 years.

Other Regiments.

Henry F. Remond, Mounted Rangers.
Thomas Cahill, 4th Cav., Co. A, 1864.
Died of Wounds.
G. W. Ricknell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 years.
L. P. Eldredge, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, May 27, 1864—age 21 years.
G. A. Carter, 24th Mass., Co. G, Sept. 29, 1864—age 18 years.
J. Q. Pratt, 4th Cav., Co. B, April 11, 1864—age 18 yrs.
G. E. Willett, 4th Cav., Co. B, Dec. 14, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. Sheahan, 10th Inf., Co. D, July 8, 1862—age 18 yrs.
C. L. Richards, 18th Inf., Co. H, May 29, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. E. Loney, 64th N. Y. Inf., Co. E, Dec. 2, 1863—age 30 years.
N. S. Johnson, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 10, 1864—age 18 yrs.
J. L. Francis, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 21, 1864—age 18 yrs.
E. S. Williams, 18th Cav., Co. E, Aug. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.
Henry Hewitt, 4th Cav., Co. B, Oct. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.

Other Regiments.

W. S. Allington, 11th Inf., Co. F, Dec. 7, 1861—age 20 years.
G. H. Goolidge, 11th Inf., Co. K, Jan. 10, 1862—age 23 yrs.
C. G. Penning, 9th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 13, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. D. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
D. W. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Torrell, 32d Inf., Co. L, Aug. 28, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Jones, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, Nov. 20, 1863—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.

Other Regiments.

R. E. Foss, 11th Infantry, Co. F, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
E. Crocker, 11th Inf., Co. E, July 21, 1861—age 31 years.
R. L. Torrey, 11th Inf., Co. B, Aug. 29, 1862—age 27 years.
W. H. Baker, 14th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 30, 1862—age 20 years.
E. E. Goolidge, 12th Inf., Co. C, Aug. 30, 1862—age 35 years.
J. Q. Whitmarsh, 12th Inf., Co. C, Sept. 17, 1862—age 35 years.
W. A. Lewis, 38th Inf., Co. D, June 14, 1863—age 25 years.
E. E. Tufant, 11th Inf., Co. F, July 2, 1863—age 4 years.
O. S. Blanchard, 38th Inf., Co. G, May 6, 1863—age 4 years.
J. T. Dame, 32d Inf., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 yrs.
W. M. Aldrich, 10th Inf., Co. L, Sept. 20, 1864—age 21 yrs.
M. L. Lathrop, 13th Inf., Co. E, Aug. 20, 1862—age 21 yrs.
E. L. Joyce, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 16, 1864—age 31 years.
W. L. Barrell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. M, June 22, 1864—age 31 years.

Other Regiments.

Henry F. Remond, Mounted Rangers.
Thomas Cahill, 4th Cav., Co. A, 1864.
Died of Wounds.
G. W. Ricknell, 1st Heavy Art., Co. F, June 3, 1864—age 21 years.
L. P. Eldredge, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, May 27, 1864—age 21 years.
G. A. Carter, 24th Mass., Co. G, Sept. 29, 1864—age 18 years.
J. Q. Pratt, 4th Cav., Co. B, April 11, 1864—age 18 yrs.
G. E. Willett, 4th Cav., Co. B, Dec. 14, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. Sheahan, 10th Inf., Co. D, July 8, 1862—age 18 yrs.
C. L. Richards, 18th Inf., Co. H, May 29, 1864—age 18 yrs.
D. E. Loney, 64th N. Y. Inf., Co. E, Dec. 2, 1863—age 30 years.
N. S. Johnson, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 10, 1864—age 18 yrs.
J. L. Francis, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, July 21, 1864—age 18 yrs.
E. S. Williams, 18th Cav., Co. E, Aug. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.
Henry Hewitt, 4th Cav., Co. B, Oct. 9, 1864—age 22 yrs.

Other Regiments.

W. S. Allington, 11th Inf., Co. F, Dec. 7, 1861—age 20 years.
G. H. Goolidge, 11th Inf., Co. K, Jan. 10, 1862—age 23 yrs.
C. G. Penning, 9th Inf., Co. H, Aug. 13, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. D. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
D. W. Torrey, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Torrell, 32d Inf., Co. L, Aug. 28, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. T. Jones, 1st Heavy Art., Co. K, Nov. 20, 1863—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.
J. H. Pratt, 32d Inf., Co. L, Oct. 16, 1862—age 24 yrs.

SILVER WEDDING.

The gathering at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. G. Cole Wednesday evening, the anniversary of their twenty-fifth year of married life, was large in numbers, and the occasion was one of a very pleasant nature to the entertainers and entertained. The guests, on arrival, paid their respects to the host and hostess, and a short time was spent in social conversation and examination of the presents which adorned the table in the library. The company were then called to order by Mr. F. M. Dodge, Sup't of Public Schools, who read the following poem, written by Mrs. P. A. Hammond, and which was sung by the company to the tune of "Shining Shore."

We gather, friends, to celebrate
The pastor's silver wedding;
While pleasant words and cheerful smiles
Their influence are shedding.
We gather in a spirit too,
At once both glad and grateful,
As over the Past our memories look,
Without a thought regretful.

For while both joy and sorrow came
To them in life's fair morning,
And heaven's crown was soon the brow
Of our dear child adorning.
Another stayed, to fill the years
With sweetest parental gladness,
And banish from their thoughts of gloom
Which came with their first sadness.

And, all the while, by faith their eyes
Have seen God's loving kindness,
And how He giveth sorrow oft
To cure the spirit's blindness.

And when He loveth, He forgets
Not in His love, to chasten,
That towards the heavenly goal their feet,
In trustful love, may hasten.

Now God be praised for all the light
Which on their path is shining,
For all the faith and zeal and love,
And patience unrepining.

With which they tread the upward path,
In Jesus' footsteps going,
Rejoicing that a rest remains
Where life's fair stream is flowing.

God grant we all may meet again,
To keep their golden wedding;
When five and twenty future years
Glad trophies round are spreading.
God bless them both, and evermore
The flowers around them springing.

Till in the land where loved ones meet,
The triumph-song they're singing!
Mr. Dodge addressed the couple in a few appropriate words, prefacing the reading of the following poem, by the pastor, written by Mr. F. M. Adlington, and sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

Old Time is passing on, dear wife,
And yet he's always here;
And taking notes from day to day,
O' all things grave or queer.

He lives and twenty years, dear wife,
Since you and I were one;
Strange things have come to pass, since we
Our married life begun.

Look back the five and twenty years,
That have so quickly passed!
Our hopes and joys abounding then,
But joys don't always last.

And we have had our sorrows, wife,
No! all must have their sorrows, wife,
But hope and joy are with us yet,
And comfort round us strown.

Kind friends who gather round us wife,
By us more prized than gold;
Bring back the five and twenty years,
Who says that we are old?

I see you in your bridal dress,
I hear the "person" say,
"You twain are one!"—but didn't you
Then promise to "obey?"

Perhaps you'll say that's obsolete,
And of the olden school;
For women now must leave their way,
Their province is to rule.

Rule in our hearts! we grant your claim;
Your sacred rights approve;
As wives and mothers ever rule,
By gentleness and love.

So joggling on together, wife,
With you and daughter dear;
We'll hope to live forevermore,
In a far brighter sphere.

Lightful thought! to meet above,
With loving friends again;
To hear the welcome notes of love,
And join the sweet refrain.

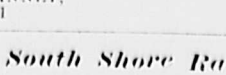
After a few remarks by Mr. Cole, the exercises were closed with prayer by Rev. J. Tillson, of Hingham.

The silver monuments of the wedding were numerous, and of considerable value. Hon. John W. Lord and lady presented an elegant letter-cup; Dean S. W. Nash a beautiful silver cup; the Sewing Circle a Florence Sewing Machine; ladies of the Church and Society an ice pitcher, silver and gold; W. D. Farron, Josiah Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Dodge, butter coolers; pie knife by Messrs. Sanborn and others; sugar spoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tillson; stands for carver and fork, Mrs. A. J. Richards; set of ivory handled silver knives, by M. C. Dizer; casket, by E. Wilson; cheese knife by Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Binney; pickle knife, Rev. J. L. A. Fish; salt spoon, Mrs. Fannie Pike; golden, Mrs. S. P. Cole; sugar bowl, Mrs. C. Farron; cake basket, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. E. Cole; napkin ring.

The ladies of the Circle and Society, were active in providing refreshment for the company, and their endeavors to furnish suitable gifts for the occasion evinced a warm

[illegible]

J. BINNEY & CO.,
Grocery & Provision Dealers,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,
WYOMOUTH,
KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of
Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,
Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,
which they offer at the **LOWEST MARKET PRICES,**
for CASH.
In famous old Weymouth, the home of the
fleet,
J. BINNEY & Co. and their assistants, would meet
At the corner where Broad crosses Washington
street.
Where ever attentive, it is their design
To keep a good stock in the Grocery line,
And sell all their goods at a profit so small
That those who buy once will continue to call.
For favors received they are grateful—and will
 endeavor to merit your patronage still.
J. BINNEY, G. E. FIELD.

South Shore Railroad.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Leave Depot of O. C. and Newport
Ry., corner South and Kneeland Streets,
(On and after Monday, Nov. 4th, 1867, trans-
fer the line on for Last Bristow, Weymouth, N.
Weymouth, E. Weymouth, Hingham, 10:00 Col-
on House, Nantucket, Cohasset, at 8:30 a.m.,
9:30 a.m., 1:15, 6 p.m.
Trains for Boston leave
Cohasset, 6:20, 7:10, 8:20 a.m., 12:35, 4:15, 5:20
p.m.
Nantucket, 6:25, 7:15, 8:25 a.m., 12:40, 4:20,
5:30 p.m.
O. C. House, 6:38, 7:48, 8:20 a.m., 12:45,
4:25, 5:38 p.m.
Hingham, 6:52, 7:22, 8:35 a.m., 12:50, 1:30,
6:45 p.m. (Hingham 3 miles later.)
E. Weymouth, 6:40, 7:51, 8:44 a.m., 1:05, 1:40,
5:50 p.m.
Weymouth, 6:45, 7:56, 8:48 a.m., 1:10, 4:45,
5:55 p.m.
Weymouth, 6:50, 7:40, 8:52 a.m., 1:15, 4:49, 6
p.m.
E. Braintree, 6:53, 7:43, 8:53 a.m., 1:20, 4:52,
6:01 p.m.
E. Hingham, 6:58, 7:48, 8:58 a.m., 1:25, 4:57,
6:06 p.m.
Persons wishing to stop at
this station will notify the conductor.
GEORGE BEAL, Jr., Sup't.

HOLYOKE
Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
SALEM, MASS.
AMOUNT AT RISK Dec. 1, 1867, \$15,000,000
CASH CAPITAL, \$140,000
AVAILABLE CAPITAL over \$600,000
INSURANCE is confined to Dwellings, Stores,
Churches, Household Furniture, Merchandise,
and the safer class of risks. This company offer
the best rates for protection. Fire and Light-
ning, upon the most favorable terms, justified by
the character of the risk.
Losses promptly Adjusted and Paid.
J. H. AUGUSTUS STORY, President.
THOMAS H. JOHNSON, Secretary.
JOSEPH SHERMAN, Agent,
Weymouth, Mass.
Office in Boston, 134 Washington St.; Residence, East
Weymouth.
Special Notice.
A. J. BATES & CO.,
of the "BRICK STORE"
BRAINTREE,
Near Weymouth Landing,
RESPECTFULLY announce to the public that
in addition to their usual well selected stock
of
Groceries,
DRY GOODS,
Hats & Children's Boots & Shoes,
CROCKERY,
Glass, Wooden & Earthen Ware,
&c., &c. they have opened the Hall over their
store for the sale of
Household Furniture,
I have now on hand a variety of the same
intend constantly to keep direct from the
manufacturers,
CHairs, Lounges, Bureaus,
BEDSTEADS, DINING, TOILET
CABINETS, WORK, AND OTHER TABLES,
STAIRS, BOTH COMMON AND FINE,
CHAIRS, TOWEL STANDS, OTTOMANS,
MIRRORS IN VARIETY,
MATTRESSES, FEATHER BEDS, &c.
MORRIS AND CHAMBER SUITS, common
&c. &c.
As all of their stock of Furniture is received
direct from the manufacturer, and will be sold at
a small advance on cost, parties in want will do
it to call.
Any article of Furniture desired not on hand
will be forwarded by short notice.
BRAINTREE, Oct. 7th, 1867. 21-37

REPORT FROM
HEADQUARTERS.
THE ARMY IN MOTION! TROOPS
TO THE FRONT!
General Order No. 1.
ALL PERSONS LOOKING FOR A
Good Cooking Stove,
"Gas Burner,"
"Air-Tight,"
"Ring, or Cylinder,"
CAN FIND A CHOICE SELECTION AT
Headquarters.
Also, Linings and Grates, of all
descriptions.
B. & T.—The Companies are changing their front,
and they are forming a new line, reinforced by
ALL KINDS OF SHOE FINDINGS
usually found in a Grocery Store. We are
and to fight it out on this line.
RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,
Camp near Baptist Church,
FISH MARKET.
G. THAYER is prepared to supply the
Fish and Oysters,
AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.
FISH OYSTERS served up in every style, also
PREPARED of various kinds for sale.
Corner of Washington and Broad Sts.

NEW STORE
AND
NEW GOODS!

HAVING REMODELED AND ENLARGED MY
HARDWARE STORE,
I am now prepared to show my customers and friends a
NEW and much more EXTENSIVE
VARIETY, &
HARDWARE
than I have kept heretofore.

You can now find here almost EVERY ARTICLE usually kept in a *first class Hardware Store* in Boston, comprising a

New and Complete Assortment of
Builders' Hardware,
Farming Tools,
Mechanics' Tools,
PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,

Well Buckets,
Iron Sinks,
Marble Slabs,
Iron Vases,
Curtain Combs,
Brushes,
Table Cutlery,
Custards,
Bed and Table Castors,
Nose Tapers,
Pencils,
Combs,
Chains and Wheels,
Brackets,
Boring Machines,
Heavy Whips,
Candles,
Screwdrivers & Balances,
Pocket Knives,
Fancy Hardware,
Bells,
Pans,
Saws,
Brushes,

OVAL FRAMES.

And a great variety of
USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES
not usually found in country stores.

KNIFFEN'S
Patent Mowing Machines.
WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST

My Carpenter's Shop in the rear of the Store
may be used heretafter in connection with the Store, for the sale of

Doors, Windows, Blinds,
GLASS,
Stair Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps
and other BUILDING MATERIALS—Cutting
Planks, Bee Hives, Gilt, Black Walnut,
and other Moldings, Picture, Portrait
and Looking Glass.

FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, OR OVAl,
MADE TO ORDER, OF ANY KIND OF MOLDING,
Desired.

Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Sashes
Glazed, Blinds Painted and
Trimmed.

My goods are all bought for CASH, and will be
SOLD FOR CASH after this date, at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

What little I have left of the OLD STOCK of
GOODS will be sold cheap, as I desire to have
them *sent out* as quickly as I can. I respectfully
invite my friends to call in when convenient
and see the

FINEST STORE IN THE PLACE.

In consequence of my determination to adopt
the CASH SYSTEM, I have just

marked my Goods Down from 5 to 15 per Cent.,
which I trust will be a sufficient apology for the
cheap sale.

LOCAL AGENT FOR
THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES
at shall be happy to receive a share of public
patronage.

JOHN O. FOYE.
Weymouth, May 2, 1867.

REMOVAL!

CLOSING OUT SALE
For 30 Days!
GREAT
Reduction in Prices.
\$150,000 WORTH
OF
Men's and Boys'
FINE MEDIUM AND LOW-PRICED
CLOTHING,
FURNISHING GOODS,
Shirts, Drawers, &c.
Our Entire Stock
MARKED DOWN
BELOW PANIC PRICES!

Must be Sold before Removal.

BENNETT & CO.,
44 & 45 BOSTON SQUARE,
BOSTON.

S. C. & J. G. PHINNEY,
Manufacturers of
Men's, Youths' & Children's
BOOT & COUNTRY,
OF STIFFENINGS, TOLPS, BELLS, INSTR
SAILS, &c.,
CORNER SUMMER AND WINTER STREETS,
Boston, Mass.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Cottage House for sale,
LOCATED on Washington Street, near Hunt's
Liquor, or particulars inquire of
J. BENNETT & CO.,
corner of Washington and Broad streets,
Clymouth, Oct. 31, 1867.

Canary Birds and Cages.
NICE lot at **BA. CLIFFE'S ALLEN'S**

JUST RECEIVED
BY
HENRY LOUD,
East Weymouth,
A SLENDID LOT OF
Dress Goods,
CHEAP!

POPLINS,
ALPACCAS,
TILIBETS,
TAMISE CLOTHS,
ALL WOOL DE LAINES,
AND
A LARGE ASSORTMENT
OF
POPLIN ALPACAS.

Now Opening
AT
HENRY LOUD'
A SLENDID LOT OF
CLOTHING,
AT
Greatly Reduced Prices
CONSISTING OF
MENS AND BOYS
OVERCOATS,
JACK AND FROCK COATS,
PANTS AND VESTS,
CHILDREN'S SUITS,
AND A
Great Variety of
Gents' Furnishing
Goods,
VERY CHEAP,

OPENED THIS DAY, AT
HENRY LOUD'S,
1000 Yards
Shaker Flannel,
IN REMNANTS,
35 cents per Yd.
ALSO, A NEW LOT OF
All Wool Hose
For 25 cents.

Closing out Sale of Winter Goods
AT
C. S. WILLIAMS'
NEW DRY GOODS
AND
CLOTHING STORE
Weymouth Landing.

The entire stock of Winter Clothing and Dry Goods to be sold at such LOW PRICES as will insure the sale of the whole stock within the next thirty days. Persons wishing to see

GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES,

will do well to call.

OVERCOATS from \$5.00 to \$20.00;
PANTS and VESTS, 4.50 to 12.00;
CARDIGAN JACKETS, 1.25 to 3.00;
SHIRTS and DRAWERS, in great variety, 50 cts. to 1.50;
COTTON and WOOL FLANNEL, 25 cts. to 35 cts.;
COTTON FLANNEL, 15 cts. to 25 cts.;
BEST LINENS, 12 cts.;
UNBLEACHED COTTON CLOTH, 11 cts. to 17 cts.;
BLEACHED " " 10 cts. to 16 cts.;
BLANKETS, \$3.50 to \$7.00 per pair;

And a good assortment of other goods, at low prices.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
IS AT
GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHTS,
No. 33 Washington Street, Boston.
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

WEYMOUTH
Photograph Gallery.
L. W. COOK

TAKES this opportunity to inform his friends and the public that he still continues in the Photographic business, at the old established and well known gallery, where he will be happy to receive and fill all orders for

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TINTYPES.

127 CARD PICTURES taken with all the late improvements. All kinds of Photographic Likeness, from the smallest Tintype to Life Size Portraits, executed in the best style.

Special attention paid to copying
From Old Daguerotypes, Ambrotypes, Tintypes, &c. This branch of the business he makes a Specialty, and would call attention to the fact that he seldom fails to give *Perfect Satisfaction*, even in Copying from Old Pictures, which have been injured by stains or otherwise, and spoiled in themselves.

Many having copies of deceased friends are unwilling to trust them to the hands of a Photographer to copy, for fear they may be lost or injured. The most extreme care will be used by him with such pictures while in his hands. He employs one of the best Artists in Boston, who makes the pictures in from 1/2 to 3 Dollars equal to any city work, and at less prices.

A 2 of variety of Frames and Card Mounts, Engravings, and all accessories for sale.

Please call and see for yourselves.

LEWIS W. COOK,
71
PHOTOGRAPHER

NOTICE.
The Land lately purchased for the
Village Cemetery
has been laid out, and the
Lots are now Ready for Sale.
There are some VERY CHOICE LOTS, which persons in want would do well to secure.
An opportunity is offered for a short time to select without additional charge.
A. S. WHITE, Sec'y Corporation.
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867. 27-40

Weymouth & Braintree
MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,
OF WEYMOUTH,
INSURES DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILDINGS NOT IN EXTRA HAZARDOUS POSITIONS, and their contents, at as low rates as any other reliable Company.
Amount of \$55,400 April 1, 1867,
\$1,300,000.
Cash Assets, \$15,700
Deposits Notes, \$4,000, 400,750
THOMAS H. WHITE, President
LEWIS RICHARDS, Sec'y. 18

SAMUEL CURTIS,
AUCTIONEER,
WEYMOUTH,
will attend to Real and Personal Estate in this and neighboring towns,
June 9, 1867. 6

Millinery.
MRS. E. A. RICHARDSON.
WOULD announce to the Ladies of Weymouth and vicinity that she has opened a fine assortment of
FALL MILLINERY
AND
Trimming Goods,
selected with care, and adapted to the wants of her customers. The stock is complete with all the
New and Desirable Styles for the Season,
consisting of the usual assortment to be found in
A FIRST CLASS MILLINERY STORE.
Grateful for past patronage, she hopes by strict attention to business and efforts to please, to continue the same. All orders promptly and faithfully executed.
MRS. E. S. RICHARDSON,
East Weymouth.
29

'Old Castle' Nursery.
THE subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Weymouth and the adjoining towns that as Agent for the celebrated firm of J. & C. Maxwell & Sons, of Geneva, N. Y., he is prepared to furnish, in any quantity, all of the
BEST VARIETIES FRUIT TREES,
Standard and Standard,
Green, Dwarf, Native and Foreign,
Evergreen, Ornamental Trees,
Shrubs and Plants, Bulbs, &c.
From his long experience in the business, he feels confident that he can give perfect satisfaction to all who may choose to deal with him.
S. P. CUSHING,
36
WEYMOUTH LANDING.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber would say to the citizens of Weymouth and vicinity that he
REPAIRS CLOTHES WRINGERS
of all kinds in a thorough manner. Any one wanting their Wringers repaired, or desiring the subscriber by mail, or leaving them at any of the Store Stores in town, will receive immediate attention.
New Rolls of the best quality inserted for two dollars each.
NEW WRINGERS
of all kinds for sale and exchanged for old ones.
E. G. ANDRIS, Agent,
Prospect Street, East Weymouth.

ZIMMERMAN'S
Steam Cooking Apparatus
Is the great Cooking Miracle of the age, and is working wonders in the art of Cooking. It is very light, and can be handled by a child. Call and examine it at
26
Side Agent for Weymouth.

Notice is hereby Given,
That the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of JAMES WASHINGTON SHAW, late of Weymouth, in the County of Norfolk, deceased, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs.
All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
Weymouth, 31
GILMAN B. LOU D, Administrator

The Last Conquering Success.
Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S
HAIR RESTORER
EXCELLENT
HAIR DRESSING
New Style in one Bottle.

will quickly restore Gray Hair to its natural color, and will cure, and produce luxuriant growth. It is perfectly harmless, and is preferred over every other preparation by those who have a fine head of hair, as well as those who wish to restore it. The beautiful gloss and perfume imparted to the Hair makes it desirable for old and young.

For Sale by all Druggists,
DEPOT, 198 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR
wholesale

NEW ENGLAND
Business Directory,
FOR 1868.
Valuable Book of Reference to every Business Man.

AMES, Occupations, and Post Office Address of all Merchants, Manufacturers, Professionals and other Business Men in every City and town throughout the six States of Maine, New Brunswick, Manufacturing and other Incorporated Companies, Post Offices, Newspapers, Academies, Theatres, Expresses, Population of the different towns and Cities, &c., also given, together with an matter, which will make this issue a complete Guide to the business interests of the New England States.
SAMPSON, DAVENPORT & CO.,
Publishers,
(Formerly Adams, Sampson & Co.)
the Boston Directory Office, 47 Congress St., Boston, Mass. 33-46

For Sale,
SMALL COTTAGE HOUSE, situated near the residence of Henry J. Shaw, on Washington street, at the foot of Market Street, owned by B. F. SHAW, East Weymouth.
29

DR. A. G. NYE,
Dentist,
WASHINGTON STREET, WEYMOUTH.
AS he found at his office EVERY DAY in the week, prepared to perform all operations a

PANIC PRICES!

CLOTHING

AND
DRY GOODS

Marked Down,
Cottons and Prints

VERY CHEAP,
AT

Read's Cheap Cash Store

Nov. 1. 27

BEST PRINTS
12 1-2 cents;
BEST DE LAINES
20 cents;
COTTONS
Marked Down!

At **READ'S Cheap Cash Store**

20

Headquarters !!

Camp near the Baptist Church,
Weymouth Landing

HAVING formed a Partnership with the
sons of **READ, LEE & ALLEN**, we are
prepared to furnish a superior quality of

Groceries,

at lowest possible prices for Cash. In connection
with this new branch of trade, we shall also con-
tinue the

STOVES

AND

Kitchen Furnishing

BUSINESS.

Also, a good assortment of
**GLASS, TIN, WOODEN, & BR-
TANNIA WARES,**
Silver Plated Ware.

PLUMBS and PIPES fitted and set. Also,
Pumps repaired at short notice.

FURNACES and RANGES furnished and re-
paired.

All sorts of JOBBING attended to with neat-
ness and despatch.

A LARGE STOCK OF
First Class Cooking Stoves.

Highest prices paid for old Iron, Copper, Brass
Lead, and Kags.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Crockery Ware,

including original packages from the importers,
of

STANDARD ENGLISH STONE CHINA,
and all kinds of common ware, at the lowest
CASH PRICES.

RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,

Broad Street, near the Baptist Church
Weymouth, Sept. 5, 1867. 10

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT to the power of sales contained
in three certain Mortgage Deeds given by
Edward Billings, two to Quincy Pool, one dated
4th Aug., 1866, and recorded with Norfolk
Deeds, Lib. 21, fol. 14, the other dated March
25th, 1867, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 23
fol. 13th, 1867, and recorded in said Registry, Lib. 23
fol. 151, and the other to Ziboon Thacker, dated
March 25th, A. D. 1867, and recorded in the Re-
cistry of Deeds for the County of Norfolk, Lib.
23 fol. 151, and assigned to said Pool Dec. 20th,
1867, will be sold at public auction, for breach of
the conditions of the said mortgages, on the 13th
day of January next, at one o'clock in the after-
noon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land,
with the building thereon, situated in Wey-
mouth, Norfolk County, containing about one
acre, bounded East by Main street, South by
land of Quincy Pool, West by land of said Pool,
and Warren Thayer, and North by land of said
Thayer, being the premises described in the said
mortgages, together with all benefit and equity
of redemption of the said Edward Billings, his
heirs, executors, administrators, and assign-
ments.

Terms made known at the time and place of
sale.

QUINCY POOL,
Weymouth, Dec. 30th, 1867. 36-38

BEAVER OVERCOATS,
\$18.00.

BEAVER UNDERCOATS,
\$15.00.

SILK MIXED SUITS,
(COAT, PANTS & VEST.)
\$20.00.

UNDER SHIRTS & DRAWERS
50 & 75 CTS.

At Read's Clothing Hall

PANIC! PANIC! PANIC!

GREAT DOWNFALL IN DRY GOODS!!!

READ LIST OF PRICES AND CONVINCE
YOURSELVES.

Best Prints, 11 cts., worth 14
Best Delaines, 15 " " 25
Heavy Wool Reps, 75 cts., worth
\$1.12½
Superfine " " 87½ cts., worth
\$1.2
Heavy Thibets, 75 cts., wor-
\$1.00
Superfine " 87½ cts., worth
\$1.20

Extra A. A. Superfine Thibets,
\$1.12½, worth \$1.75
Colored Alpaca, 40 cts., worth 60
Black " 50 " " 75
Silk Stripe Poplins, \$1.00,
worth 1.87½
Irish Poplins, 1.75, " 2.50

Silks, Shawls, Cloaks,

And the entire Stock of Goods marked down 50
per cent. less than cost.

NOW IS THE TIME

To get good bargains. Be sure to examine OUR
STOCK OF SILKS, SHAWLS and CLOAKS
before you buy. Also, to get into the CORNER
STORE, as we have

*No Connection with
any other Store.*

We have strictly ONE PRICE, and all our
Goods are marked in Dollars and Cents.

CORNER STORE.

CORNER STORE.

CORNER STORE.

JOHN C. LORING,
CORNER OF PEMBERTON SQUARE,
**26 & 28 Tremont Row,
BOSTON.**

27-32

MARKET

At South Weymouth.

J. L. CLAPP,

MAIN STREET 1-2 (under E. Rosenfeld's
D Goods Store.)

HAS A STANTLY ON HAND
Best Provisions of all kinds,
Such as Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Ham, Sau-
sages, Butter, Cheese, &c. Also, a good assort-
ment of **CROCKERY WARES**, comprising Four, Ten,
Coffee, Spices, (the best in the market) Nuts,
Raisins, Dates, &c.

Also, **FRESH FISH** of all kinds, & **OYSTERS.**
All Prices as low as the lowest. *Texas Cook.*
30

**Men's Calf Tap Sole
BOOTS,**

Round Toes, at \$3.50 per pair,
At E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

50 DIFFERENT STYLES OF
Plaids, for Dresses,
At 25c. a yard,
At E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.

Low, Lower, Lowest.

BEST PRINTS, 12 1-2c.

DE LAINES, 17c.

GINGHAMS, 17c.

UNBLEACHED CLOTH, 30c.

EXTRA YARD WIDE, 11 1-2c

NICE YARD WIDE, (bleached) 12 1-2c.

COTTON FLANNELS, 17c.

30

E. ROSENFELD,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

30

**CUSTOM
Boot & Shoemaking**

THE subscriber takes this method to inform
his friends and the public that he has opened a
shop at the
RESIDENCE ON MOUNT PLEASANT,
where he will make to order from the BEST
FRENCH and AMERICAN STOCK.

LADIES' AND GENTS'
BOOTS & SHOES,
Also, Children's & Misses' Boots

N. B.—Particular attention paid to Repairing.
N. C. TITUS.

Weymouth, Dec. 6 1867. 37-42

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1868.

NO. 39.

Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.

TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

THOSE BUTCHERS' BILLS.

Those butchers' bills, those butchers' bills!
How many a mind their toll fills,
Reflecting, at this costly time,
On loaves and legs, on coarse and prime!

Those happy days are passed away,
When sixpence round we used to pay,
And sometimes, if the joint was real,
A sweetbread graced the closing meal.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Those butchers' bills will lay it on;
And other bards, with other quills,
Will write about their heavy bills.

LUCY LEYTON.

Mr. Leyton, widower, and my little heroine Lucy, his only child. Mr. Leyton made up his mind that she was a perfect prodigy even of four years old—parents are pretty apt to imagine just such things—so he determined, from the time she could first lip her letters, that she should have the very best education his means would afford; and when in process of time she came to know more than the schoolmaster, (in farmer Leyton's opinion,) he resolved to part with his darling for a little while, that she might have the benefit of a fashionable boarding-school.

At the end of two years Lucy was pronounced "finished," and returned home. If Mr. Leyton had thought her a prodigy at four years old, what must he have considered her at seventeen, for she had contrived to store away a goodly amount of knowledge in her little head, even if she was at times a little flighty. Yes, and notwithstanding she must have been so hurried at Mrs. Tracy's with her algebra, and her French, and her philosophy, and her history, she had somehow managed to commence a little heart-history of her own; but then she did not let any one read it, not she. Farmer Leyton himself never knew a word about this unbargained-for accomplishment.

One day when Lucy had been at home about a week, Mr. Leyton had occasion to go down into the village with a load of his renowned potatoes for Judge Ogden.

"Dear father, will you please see if there is not a letter in the post office for me?" cried Lucy, running out to the gate.

"Ha! ha!—a letter for you? That's a new idea! Yes, but come and kiss me." And positing one little foot upon the hub of the cart wheel, Lucy sprang lightly to the side of her father, gave him a hearty smack upon each sunburned cheek, and then alighted again like a bird upon the soft green turf.

Now the farmer was no great scribbler. Unless to announce a marriage or a death, it was a rare thing for him either to initiate or receive a letter. The post office revenue of Uncle Sam was but little benefited by Andrew Leyton. He was somewhat pleased, therefore, that his Lu should expect a letter; so, after unlashing, he brought his team to a stand still in front of the tavern, beside offering entertainment for man and beast, served also for the post office. Sure enough, there was a letter—a very thick one too—for "Miss Lucy Leyton," directed in an elegant flowing hand—a gentleman's hand.

"Hum! What does this mean?" Farmer Leyton thought, turning the letter over and over, and looking at the seal—"E. Amour," "Fiddler!"

Lucy was watching for his return, and as soon as she saw the well known team rise the hill, she flew swiftly along the road to meet him. Ah, what a bright, happy face was hers as she caught it from his hand, and seating herself under a shady tree by the roadside, she eagerly tore off the envelope, and pressed the fuscous chirography to her lips.

"Humph!—what does it mean?" again thought the farmer, eyeing Lucy keenly.

"Gee-haw, Darby—Gee-up, Dick," he cried, sweeping his cart whip about the sleek hides of his oxen, yet all the time noting uneasily the bright blush, the happy smile of Lucy, all absorbed as she was in the contents of her letter.

In less than a week's time there came another.

"Hum!" said Mr. Leyton, putting it in his pocket, "I must see what it means." He went home, foddered the cattle, and then walked into the house.

"Come here, Lu, sit down by me," Lucy laid aside her work, and drawing a low foot-stool to the side of her father, folded her dimpled hands upon his knees, and looked up smiling into his face.

"Well, Lu, you had a nice time, didn't you, at Mrs. Tracy's?" said Mr. Leyton, smoothing back the long golden curls from her white, upturned brow.

"Indeed I did, my dear father. I am sure, although I was anxious to see you, and my dear home again, I was sorry to come away!"

"Hum! Mrs. Tracy used to keep you pretty strict, I suppose—never let you go out, did she?"

"Oh, yes, we walked every day, an hour in the morning, and an hour after school at night; it was very pleasant, as sometimes Mrs. Tracy would go with us. O, it was so pleasant!" and Lucy heaved a very deep sigh.

"I take it for granted you never saw any boys there, Lu, did you?"

Lucy blushed and wondered what in the world possessed her father to talk so; at last she answered, very demurely:

"Why, father, it was a school for girls, you know; it would have been very strange, I am sure, to have seen a set of idle boys in our pleasant school room." "That is not what I mean, you little puss you—did any young men ever visit at Mrs. Tracy's?"

"Never, no, Mrs. Tracy would not even let Edward visit."

"Edward—who is Edward?"

"Mrs. Tracy's nephew, father," replied Lucy, stooping to tie her little slipper, which just at that particular moment it seemed necessary for her to attend to.

"Hum—and I suppose Edward walked with you, didn't he?" said Mr. Leyton.

"Yes, father, when Mrs. Tracy could not go."

"I thought so. Who is he? What is he? What is his name? This Edward?"

Poor Lucy, who she tried not to blush, and what a glow instantly suffused the tell-tale countenance she averted from the scrutinizing glance of her father.

"His name is Bartine—Edward Bartine—he is a very fine young man, father; everybody loves him."

"Hum!"

"All the girls loved him, just like a brother."

"And you loved him just like a brother, I suppose?"

"Sir!"

"Hum—well, go on—what was this very fine young man doing at a young ladies' boarding school?"

"He only came up from New Haven to pass a few months with Mrs. Tracy, and to pursue his studies with Dr. Heber; he is going back to college very soon, I suppose."

"Going back to college. Ah, I understand, I understand, some wild scapegoat, never to be heard of again, I suppose. I'll be bound, suspended for misbehavior, I'll be bound, with a straw—never will be good for anything, not he—wasting the money which his father has toiled hard to earn, I'll warrant you?"

"No, indeed, father, Edward Bartine is no such person, indeed he is not?" eagerly interposed Lucy.

"How do you know? I tell you he is."

"See here, Lu, who is this from?" and putting his hand in his ample coat pocket, Mr. Leyton drew forth the letter, holding it up, however, at arm's length.

"Oh, dear, dear father, give it to me, please do, that's a dear father," cried Lucy, springing up, her face radiant with joy, and extending her hand for the precious missive.

"Not so fast, little Miss Lucy Leyton, sit down again; there is your letter, now open it and read it to me," said Mr. Leyton, passing his arms around her waist to prevent her flight.

"O father, please let me go, indeed I cannot read it to you, urged Lucy, the tears trembling like dew-drops on her long fringed eyelids.

"Well, then, I'll read it myself, it must be very fine; I should like to read a letter from such a nice young man," said Mr. Leyton, attempting to take it.

"Father, please don't, it is only about—about—"

"Never mind, I will see what it is about. Lucy, you must either give me the letter or read me the contents—I must know them!" and this time Mr. Leyton spoke sternly.

The poor girl dared not disobey. With a trembling hand she broke the seal, and in a voice scarcely audible, read:

"My dearest, sweet Lucy!"

"Hum—sweet! go on!"

"My dearest, sweet Lucy—To-morrow—to-morrow I leave for—"

Lucy could proceed no further, but covered with blushes hid her face in her father's bosom.

"Well, well, Lu, don't cry; I don't want to hear any more of such silly stuff. There, give me the letter, it will serve nicely to light my pipe," said Mr. Leyton, twisting it in his fingers.

"Father, would you let me have the letter—won't you, father," pleaded Lucy.

"No, Lucy. Now go and get pen, ink and paper; this must be answered!"

Quite pale and frightened, Lucy brought her little desk and placed it on the table.

"Are you ready?" said Mr. Leyton, "well then, begin: Mr. Edward—what's his name—Bartine?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a base, designing young man!"

"Must I say so, father? indeed, he is no such thing!" interrupted Lucy, looking up, all in tears.

"I say he is, go on. 'You are a base, designing young man, so, although I am but a farmer's daughter, never presume to address another letter to me.' Have you wrote that—very well, now add, 'My father desires his compliments, and would like to try the strength of his new raw-hide upon your shoulders.'"

Lucy sobbed aloud.

"Now say, 'Respectfully, very, Lucy Leyton.'"

Mr. Leyton took up the blotted page, read it, sealed and directed it, and put it in his pocket. Then taking Lucy in his arms and kissing her, he said:

"My darling, I would not grieve you for the world; what I am doing is for your good, my child, though I know you think me very cruel, but you will think different one of these days—There, go to your chamber and rest awhile. Kiss me, dear Lu."

Lucy pressed her lips to his with a loud sob, and then hastening to her little chamber she bolted the door, and throwing herself upon the bed gave way to her affliction—for the first time a tear had blotted her heart history.

"What the mischief ails the girl, I wonder? She don't eat, she don't sleep, and half the time there are tears in her pretty eyes; her rosy cheeks are all gone, and every now and then she sighs enough to break one's heart? Hang me if I can stand it; she thinks I don't see it—when I am by she tries to smile and sing as she used to; she thinks I haven't any eyes, but I have. Confound that fellow, I wish I had kept her at home; well, well, poor Lu, something must be done, or else she will surely die."

Taus soliloquized Andrew Leyton a few days after the scene related. Now, Mr. Leyton was neither a severe nor an obstinate man; there was never a more tender father, nor a kinder master. He was the true cognizant of the great world, it is true, but enough so to render him keenly apprehensive for his daughter.

He knew there were unprincipled young men enough, who solely from vanity and for self-gratulation would not scruple to win the affections of a young, artless girl like Lucy, and his jealous fears impelled the same unworthy motives to the profession of young Edward Bartine.

Thus it was his love for his only child, amounting almost to idolatry, which had caused him to take the perhaps somewhat hasty step he had done—he was a father, and who can blame him? Yet it cut him to the heart when he saw how deeply poor Lucy suffered from his well meant kindness.

"Something must be done," again exclaimed Mr. Leyton, slowly pacing to and fro the little porch, and watching with a sad, perplexed countenance, the slight figure of Lucy strolling pensively through the garden, and at length the "something" took upon itself a shape which mightily pleased his fancy.

Mr. Leyton had one sister, who, in his boyhood, had emigrated, together with almost every member of the Leyton family, to the far West. She had married there, but had been early left a widow, with one son. Andrew had several times offered her a home in his house; but the distance was great—new friends and associates had been formed to supplant earlier ties, and the widow, though grateful for her brother's kindness, preferred the banks of the Connecticut—Now, Mr. Leyton had no son, and a vague idea had now and then seized him to unite Lucy to his sister's child. Thus the great Leyton farm would be continued in the family, when he was dead and gone. True, he never had seen him, but what of that, he was certain he must be a fine fellow, a good honest lad, for all the Leytons were so from the beginning.

"Yes, I will write this very night!" said Mr. Leyton, stopping suddenly in his walk, as this bright thought suggested itself. "I'll just invite Reuben to come and see the old homestead, where his grandfather and his great grandfather lived and died, and then if he only takes a fancy to Lu, which of course he cannot fail of doing, I shall be happy as a lord—he will soon drive this college scapegrace from her mind."

"Lu, how do you like your Cousin Reuben?" said Mr. Leyton, knocking the ashes from his third evening pipe.

"Lucy looked up from her work and smiled faintly, as she replied,

"My dear father, you know I have never seen him."

"True, true, neither have I, but I tell you what, Lu, I am going to write out to Reuben to come on and make us a visit, and bring his mother, if she will come; how should you like it?"

Very much indeed, I shall be delighted to see Aunt Richards, whom you have so often talked to me about."

"And Cousin Reuben, too?"

"Yes, of course I should."

"Well, Lu, I hope you will like Reuben, for do you know I have quite set my heart upon having him for a son-in-law. What say you?" said Mr. Leyton, very abruptly.

Lucy at once burst into tears and went on to protest, in the most earnest manner, that she should never marry, she could never love anybody, she wished her father would not talk so, she was very happy as she was—O, very happy indeed!

However, Mr. Leyton wrote the letter and it took him three good hours to do so. Then, in the morning, as he was very busy, for it was laying time, he told Lucy he wished she would walk down to the village and put it in the post office.

What put it into Lucy's little head to do as she did, I am sure I don't know. I will not pretend to explicate such a piece of mischief, not I, I will only state facts:

"Dear Mr. Edward Bartine,—I have thought of you a great many times since I wrote those few lines to you, which you must have considered very strange."

My father made me write them, for he does not know you, or he would never have done so. You will forgive him, won't you? If you would like to come up here during the vacation, as you said I should, I shall be very happy to see you, and I dare say father will like you very much; I don't see how he can help it. If you have a wish to come, well, poor Lu, something must be done, or else she will surely die."

Lucy Leyton.

P. S. If you have no use for these, please send them to the address—

Just think, now, of Lucy Leyton writing such a letter—but she did! And then she neatly folded it, and enclosing the one designed for Mr. Reuben Richards, with a glowing cheek, and palpitating bosom, she directed it to Mr. Edward Bartine, Yale College, New Haven, and putting on her bonnet and shawl, tripped fleetly to the office and deposited it.

"Ah, she'll come round all right yet!" said Mr. Leyton, a few days later, as he overheard Lucy caroling one of her lively songs.

In due time, allowing for the speed of steamboats, rail cars and stages all the way from the Ohio, a young man with a ponderous leather trunk, alighted at Mr. Leyton's gate. It was after dinner, and the farmer was enjoying his afternoon pipe, while Lucy, sitting quietly by his side, was reading the village news. But all of a sudden, as she saw the young man approaching, she sprang up in the strangest confusion and ran into the house. Mr. Leyton rose up and down his pipe, and hastily advanced to meet the youth.

"This must be my dear nephew, Reuben!" he said, extending his hand. "I know the true Leyton look. I am glad to see you, my lad."

"Thank you, Uncle Leyton, how are you; how is Lucy?" replied the stranger, warmly shaking hands.

"She is well, Reuben, and will be very glad to see you; come into the house, for you must be weary after such a long journey. 'Lucy! Lucy, why, where has she flown to? Lucy! O, here she comes. Well, Lu, we have found him at last—this is your Cousin Reuben; give her a kiss, that's right.'"

Lucy turned very pale when she first cast her eyes upon her cousin, who, with very red hair and a somewhat limping gait, advanced to salute her, then a rosy blush, and an arch smile, but half suppressed, stole over her pretty face. But she blushed still deeper, and drew back timidly from the tender embrace her young relative would have bestowed upon her.

"My own dear Lucy" was softly whispered in her ear.

"So your mother wouldn't venture with you," said Mr. Leyton; "well, I am sorry, for it is many a long year since we met. I hope she is strong and healthy, Reuben." "Not very, she is greatly troubled with the rheumatism."

"That's bad. And how are all the rest of the folks—how is uncle Bill and Deacon Gracie?"

"Dead!"

"Bless me! dead! you don't say your poor Uncle Bill is dead?" exclaimed Mr. Leyton, agitated at such news of an only brother.

"Not exactly dead—half killed with the rheumatism, I mean, and the Deacon, O, the Deacon has gone to California."

"What! Deacon Gracie gone to California—well, that beats all! I'll warrant old Mr. Stubbs is living!"

"Dead, a year ago."

Dead, is he? what killed him, I should like to know, for I thought him good for a hundred years."

"Rheumatism, Uncle."

"Rheumatism again! what do you live in such a climate for? Well, Reuben, how do you like your Cousin Lucy's looks? I think she is some like your mother, who resembles the Darlings more than the Leytons."

"I think Lucy is a decided Darling," replied Cousin Reuben, with a mischievous glance at the fair object in question.

"But you look like a Leyton, all but your hair; none of the Leytons ever had red hair!" continued the farmer, "and excuse me, I must say I can't abide it; however, I guess you will reconcile me to it. What makes you limp so, nephew, nothing serious, I hope."

"O, no nothing but rheumatism, Uncle Andrew."

"Good gracious, rheumatism, again! Now make yourself at home, will you, for I must go and look after my men. Lucy, take good care of your cousin, I will soon be back."

"Don't hurry, uncle, I am quite at home," and as Mr. Leyton closed the door, Cousin Reuben sprang to the side of Lucy, and stealing his arm around her waist, imprinted a kiss upon her blushing cheek.

"Say, nephew, we must bathe your rheumatism in beef brine," said Mr. Leyton, re-opening the door. Then hastily closing it again, he snapped his fingers, exclaiming, "Ah! it will do it! will do! he is a fine young fellow, I see, only that confounded red hair—he got that from the Richards side."

A week and more passed on. Lucy and her father were in perfect ecstacy at the recovered bloom and spirits of his daughter.

"Ah, daughter, said he one day, slyly pinching her cheek, 'what do you think of Cousin Reuben now; ain't he worth a dozen of your college fellows?' and Lucy protested she really liked Reuben just as well as she had ever done Mrs. Tracy's nephew.

Cousin Reuben, who was now perfectly domesticated, made himself not only very agreeable, but useful to his uncle in various ways, and the former regretted more and more every day that he had not known him before. Reuben was a geologist, and he explained to Mr. Leyton how some portions of his farm, which he had thought the most unproductive, might be made to yield good crops; he was an architect, and he drew the plan of the new house which Mr. Leyton designed to erect in the spring. He was a botanist, a geometer, an astronomer.

"And Latin was no more difficult than for a blackbird to sing a note."

"Why, how in the world did you pick up so much learning out West? I should think you had been to college by the way you talk," said Mr. Leyton, one evening, addressing his nephew, who had just been expounding some knotty point.

"Yes, uncle, and I have just taken my degree," replied Reuben, looking at Lucy.

"You, the dunces you have, why where did your mother raise the money to send you to college?"

"My education was provided for by my grandfather's will."

"It was, eh? well I am glad of it, and so the Richards family were a good stock after all. I am sure I never dreamed you had been to college, though I thought from the first you knew considerable for your years."

"Thank you, Uncle Andrew."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"My dear uncle, I shall soon receive my diploma for the practice of medicine; then, if you will give me dear Lucy for a wife, I will buy that pretty cottage at the foot of the hill, and commence business."

"You say it? No, no, I am able to myself, and give it to Lucy on her wedding day. I am sorry you don't like the farm better, for I had set my heart upon seeing you settled upon the old family estate, but no matter. Come here, Lu, will you marry your Cousin Reuben? Ah, I see you will; here take her, nephew, she is yours—God bless you!"

Lucy burst into tears and for a moment her lover appeared much agitated. He then took Mr. Leyton's hand.

"Then you really like me, uncle?"

"First rate, lad."

"And you don't know of any one else whom you would prefer for a son-in-law?"

"Always had my eye upon you, Reuben."

"But suppose you have been imposed upon, suppose that I am not your nephew after all?"

"Ho, ho! imposed upon, not my nephew! do not talk to me, imposed upon, pool, don't I know Leyton look—all but the red hair—I wonder what you got that from?"

"I bought it of Friseur and Frizette, barbers, Broadway, New York, it is a capital wig, don't you think so?" replied the young man, coolly taking it off, and handing it for the inspiration of Mr. Leyton.

"Hey! why, what's all this—who are you—what does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Leyton, staring up in astonishment, wig in hand, and staring at the fine looking youth with dark brown locks, who was now bending so tenderly over Lucy.

"Mr. Leyton, why should I hesitate to confess who I am, was the answer, since you have already assured me of my affection, and of your willingness to bestow upon me this dear hand. My name is Edward Bartine."

"Bartine—Bartine—why, that is the same low!"

"That you was going to try your new raw hide upon, my dear sir?"

"Hum, and if I had it here I would try it now."

"O, no, you wouldn't father, interposed Lucy."

"Grant me your patience a moment, Mr. Leyton," resumed Edward; "with your prejudice against me, I was very certain you would never allow me to visit Lucy. You must believe me when I assure you that the imposition I have practised upon you has been most repugnant to me, and nothing but the hope of gaining your favor, under the guise of your nephew, could have made me act the part I did."

"My nephew! but how did you know anything about my nephew? Lucy, did you—"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Leyton, who you forgive me, will you still confer upon me your dear Lucy; may I, as Edward Bartine, again receive the precious gift you but now bestowed upon 'Cousin Reuben'?"

"You have deceived me, young man," replied Mr. Leyton, "although I acknowledge I was wrong to harbor such prejudice against a stranger. But I forgive the deception. You were no less a stranger to me as Edward Bartine than as Reuben Richards, and I have learned to love you. Yes, you shall have Lucy and the pretty white cottage to boot. Once more I give her to you, and again I say, God bless you and make you both happy, my dear children."

In a few moments Lucy raised her head from her father's shoulder, and looking rigidly in his face, said:

"Dear father, here is that letter for Cousin Reuben, shall we send it?"

"Ah, you little jade! now I understand it. Send it, by all means, and we will have them all to the wedding; if—the rheumatism will permit. Ha, ha, what a lame concern you made of them, eh!"

"Yes, my dear sir, but the plot has not proved a lame one," replied Edward Bartine, laughing.

Dr. Bartine and the charming Lucy, reside in the beautiful villa noticed in the commencement of our sketch, which, however, Edward insisted on purchasing himself.

Mrs. Richards and her son, Reuben, accepted the invitation of Andrew Leyton and now reside together at the farm. Reuben is a great favorite with his uncle, who, however, acknowledges that Edward pleases him best for a son-in-law. It is said Reuben is soon to be married to a pretty girl in the neighborhood, and will without doubt succeed to the Leyton farm.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—For the benefit of your readers, and those who have claims here for collection, I would state that the House of Representatives passed a bill the other day for twenty more clerks to be added to the Treasury Department second auditors, to facilitate the business of the many thousand claims from soldiers. This will answer some of the letters that have been received at this office during the past week. Great dissatisfaction is manifested throughout the country on account of the delay on the part of the government, in this branch of business.

TURNER TORREY.

Love is to domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantial a grand relish.

DRAFT OF A LICENSE LAW.—The Legislature has referred to the Committee on the Liquor Law and the State Constabulary an important bill to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, introduced by Mr. Jackson of Newburyport.

As the death of the present law may be considered certain, it is important that the substitute should be as wise a measure as can be passed under existing circumstances, and on the whole the bill under consideration has a redeeming feature in the fourth section which forbids any one licensed to sell or give liquor to any person whose husband, parent, brother, sister or guardian has previously forbidden by writing such sale made. The clause should the bill pass, will save many from the grasp of King Alcohol if their temperance friends will do their duty, and will annul much of the mischief which may result from the legalized sale of liquor under a license law.

The bill reads as follows:

The first section forbids the selling of intoxicating liquors without a license, on pain of forfeiting \$100. The second section makes the penalty for each subsequent similar offense \$50. The third section forbids the sale of liquor by wholesale liquor dealers or wholesale or retail grocers before sunrise on Monday morning, or after 10 o'clock Saturday night. It also forbids any imholder or common victualer selling liquors, intoxicating or otherwise, on the Lord's day or evening, or later than eleven o'clock in the evening of any other day of the week on penalty of \$50 for each offense. The fourth section forbids any one licensed to sell or give liquor to any person whose husband, wife, parent, brother, sister or guardian has previously forbidden by writing, such sale being made, under penalty of \$50 for the first offense and \$100 for the second, one-half of the fine to go to the complainant and the other half to the town or city in which complainant resides. The fifth section gives the licensing power to the Mayor and Aldermen and the Selectmen of the several cities and towns. The sixth section fixes the annual price of licenses as follows: A wholesale dealer, whose sales of a wholesale dealer whose sales are less than 100,000 per year, 400; a wholesale grocer, whose sales amount to 100,000 per annum, 600; a wholesale grocer, whose sales are less than 100,000 per annum, 400; a retail grocer, whose liquor sales per year amount to 10,000, 300; a retail grocer, whose sales amount to less than 10,000 per annum, 100; an imholder, whose house will accommodate less than 10 persons, 50; from 10 to 100 persons, 150; from 100 to 150 persons, 250; from 150 to 200 persons, 400; and all other imholders, whose house will accommodate more than 200 persons, 600; a first-class common victualer, whose business, including the sale of intoxicating liquors, amounts to 50,000 and upward per year, 300; second-class common victualers, whose business, including the sale of spirits and intoxicating liquors, amounts

CLOTH
(AND
DRY G
Marked
Collons and
VARY CI
AT
Read's Cheap
Nov. 1.
BEST PR
12 1-2 c
BEST DE
20 cent
COIT
Marked
At READ'S Cheap
29
Headquar
Camp near the F
Weymouth
HAVING formed a Cop
have of KAYLIFE
prepared to furnish a super
Groce
at lowest possible prices for
with this new branch of tr
figure the
AND
Kitchen F
BUSIN
Also, a good as
GLASS, TIN, WO
TANNIA
Silver Plai
PUMPS and PIPES fur
Pumps repaired at short t
FURNACES and RAN
paired.
All sorts of JOINING
ness and dispatch.
A LARGE S
First Class Co
Highest prices paid for
Lead, and Baga.
A GOOD ASSO
Crocker,
including original packag
it
STANDARD ENGLE
and all kinds of comm
CASH PRICES.
RADCLIFFE
Broad Street, near
Weymouth, Sept. 5, 1867
Mortgagee's Sale
PURSUANT to the po
in three certain Mo
Edward Billings, two to
14th Aug., 1866, and
Doals, lib. 345 fol. 145,
14th, 1867, and recorded
fol. 151, and the other to
March 25th, A. D. 1867,
licens of 14th fol. for the C
351 fol. 290, and assigne
1857, will be sold at pub
the conditions of the sal
day of January next, at
noon, on the premises, a
with the buildings th
north, Norfolk County
gery, founded Last by
land of George Park, W
and Warden Thayer, an
Thayer, being the premi
mortgages, together with
of redemption of the sa
feirs, executors, admin
therein.
Terms made known at
sale.
Weymouth, Dec. 30th
BEAVER O
BEAVER U
SILK ME
(Coat, Pa
\$20
UNDER SHIR
50 &
At Read's c
33

HINTS FOR SIGN PAINTERS.

To the person who has a love for beautiful and correct letters when made upon signs and show-cards, the frequent appearance of distorted and ill-proportioned letters must be painful indeed. We often see a V or a W with some other letter, often an A, one encroaching upon the space which the other should occupy. To see an utter defiance of all rules of proportion in regard to the space the letters should occupy—some occupying more space than they should, while others are cramped—produces in us a painful impression.

The Roman letter, as commonly used by sign painters, is capable of being extended from its common width, and is also capable of being condensed, and is known by the terms, common, extended, and condensed letters, each having the same height, but different widths, and those three proportions are amply sufficient for ordinary signs. The makers of type have extra-extended and also extra-condensed letters, but their form on the sign-board is not often called in requisition.

When the capital letters are placed in the order of their width, we noticed that I occupies the least space, J is a little wider, C, L, S, and Z, occupy the third space, O and Q the fourth, B, D, E, F, P, T, and the fifth, G, I, V, and Y the sixth, A, K, R, and X the seventh, H and N the eighth, M the ninth, and W the tenth. E and G occupy a space between the two last spaces. This dividing the alphabet may be of some assistance to those who are sometimes at a loss what proportional width to give letters when grouped together.

The figures or Arabic numerals may be divided into four divisions, of which I occupies the least, and 7 the next width; then follow 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, and 9, and lastly the 0, which is generally made a little wider than the width occupied by 2, 3, 4, etc. The figures 1, 7, and the capital letter I occupy the same width, with the exception of the 1, which occupies the same space as L, S, and Z, the other figures are the same width as the capital letter J.

Of the small letters, or, as they are termed by printers, the lower-case letters, i, j, l, are the least and the same width; f and t follow, which are a little wider; the third space is filled by e, c, o, r, and s. The fourth place is occupied by a, b, d, g, p, q, and u. The fifth, by h, k, n, u, v, and y. The seventh, by m and w. The space occupied by fl, ll, ll, and ee is the same as that of the capital letters B, D, etc., which very nearly corresponds to the small letters h, k, etc. The space occupied by fl, ll, is the same as that in which the capital M is contained. The S has the same width as J.

In a comparison of the small letter with the capitals we find that i, j, and l are less in width than the capital I, which very nearly corresponds to the space occupied by f and t. The third width of the small letters is between 1 and J, and the fourth space the same as the capital J. The fifth space small letters, h, k, etc., is the same as the third space of capitals, C, L, S, and Z, and m and w are less in width than the same when capitals.

If the artist or mechanic who would form well proportioned letters would group the alphabet together in these divisions, he has a key to their proportional width, and consequently their formation. As I occupies the least space, that letter may be taken as a standard, and the eye and judgment with a reference to the scale of widths will enable him to obtain a very good idea of the space others should occupy.

If he takes as one width, A, and others of its group, the seventh, occupy each twice that width; the third group, C, etc., once and a half; and by spacing with a pair of dividers, an alphabet, the correct width that the spaces of each division should occupy can be readily ascertained.—*Artisan.*

JACKSON'S PROMOTION.—In proof that Jackson had once been a pupil of Dr. Waddell, an anecdote was related to me by one of the General's most intimate friends and fellow-officers, General Jackson, as his associates remember, had certain peculiarities of pronunciation to which he always adhered. For example, he would pronounce the word *development*, as though it were written *devlopment*, with a strong accent upon the *ope*. One day, during his Presidency, he so pronounced it, when in conversation with a foreign minister, who, though not English, had been educated in England, and plumed himself upon his knowledge and nice pronunciation of the English language. "Development," said the General, with emphasis. The ambassador lifted his eyebrows slightly, and in the course of a sentence or two, took occasion to pronounce the word correctly. "I repeat it, Mr. —," continued the President, "this measure is essential to the development of our resources."

"Really, sir," replied the ambassador, "I consider the development of your country—with a marked accent upon the *ope*."

Upon this the General exclaimed:—"Excuse me, Mr. —. You may call it *devel-op-ment* if you please; but I say *devlop-ment* as I reverse the memory of good old Dr. Waddell!"

PIQUANTS.

What style of architecture are the street cars built in? The two-story, of course.

Will any proficient in Euclid give us the exact dimensions of broad daylight? Is it right to describe a man who is pelted with rotten eggs, as "hosing lead to the yolk?"

Another successful breeder of short "horns." The whiskey tax.

Wish of a sentimentalist—When women take up arms, may we be found in them?

A good story is told of camp meeting John Allen. At a social gathering of ministers of different denominations, a Baptist brother made a display of objection to the Methodist policy, because, as he said, there "was too much machinery to it." "Yes," said brother Allen, "there is a good deal of machinery, but it don't take so much *water* to run it as the Baptist."

The old writers say that truth lies at the bottom of a well. Our police reports show that it lies also at the bottom of many ills.

One person having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply, "but I believe in their disappearance, for I've missed a bottle of gin since last night."

Bishop Simpson, in a recent lecture, predicted that in a very few years we would have Chinese servants in our houses. Paterfamilias referred to this at the breakfast-table this morning, when little Minnie, after awhile, came to his chair and whispered, "Oh, pa, won't it be nice? we shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat?"

A cleanly-shaved gentleman inquired of a fair demure the other day, "Whether or not she admired monstrosities?" "O," replied the charmer, with an arch look, "I invariably set my face against them." Very shortly afterward his upper lip betrayed some careful cultivation.

Mr. Coble advertises his runaway apprentice, R. Strong, in the following style: "He can be identified by the fact that he has not combed his hair since the fourth of July, 1865, and cannot speak ten words at a time without uttering twenty false words."

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he, "and if I had lived there until this time I'd been dead a year ago."

Papa—"Well, Sissy, how do you like your school?" Sissy—"Oh, so much." Papa—"That's right. Now, tell me all you have learned to day." Sissy—"I have learned the names of all the little boys."

My friend, said a hotel keeper to an over-voracious boarder, you eat so much I shall charge you an extra dollar.

The boarder replied, with his countenance the picture of pain:—

"For goodness sake, don't do that! I'm almost dead now with eating five dollars' worth; and if you put on an extra dollar I shall burst!"

QUEER ENTAPPE. Here lies, aged threescore and ten, The aged remains of Mr. Woodcock. N.B. For Woodcock, read Woodcock; cock would not come in rhyme.

The young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck on hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

A Western paper tells a good story: Theodore Tilton had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going upstairs, very travel stained, to change his toilet, preparatory to lecturing, when he encountered on the second floor an over-dressed and vulgar woman. "Are you the porter?" questioned the woman, laying her hand on Theodore's arm. "No, madam," was the quiet response; "are you the chambermaid?"

Scene. A crowded horse car. First passenger. (To sturdy laborer standing in front of him.) "I say there, I've got to get out of here, I've got to go to work." Second passenger. "Yes, sir, (a gleam of intelligence lightens his face.) "I tell you."

Drunkness and extravagance in dress are the most common social vices," said Dr. Tresser. "I beg your pardon, uncle, but I think there is a social vice far more common than either of 'em, and one to which you yourself are much addicted," responded his nephew Tom. "Name it," said the uncle, laughing. "Ad-vice," said the audacious Tom.

Fancy dress—The mantle of night.

Is a maid in male apparel a self-made man?

An imperious Caesar.—The Sheriff.

Favorite game of blacksmiths—Old sledge.

A good place for early bird.—The city of Worms.

Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast. At-ten-ate.

A schoolboy's aspiration: "Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing!"

Advertisements.

MRS. L. W. TUCK'S Back, Abdomen, and Uterus SUPPORTER! Three Supports Combined in One.

A SUPPORTER like this has never before been offered to the public. It can be arranged to

FIT ANY SIZE OR FORM: is easily adjusted, convenient to wear, causing no heat or irritation, ELASTIC being used instead of steel springs, rendering it

Comfortable and Easy in any posture the body may assume.

Effect A PERMANENT CURE of one of the most distressing and discouraging diseases to which woman is subject. Ladies, this is not merely an advertisement. One of your own sex has arranged it, after years of suffering and fruitless search to find some support or compress that would bring relief. She was constantly meeting those similarly afflicted, and she felt that she must do something to help them. She has now made a discovery, and she is now prepared to answer the question satisfactorily, and now let me say to those who are thus afflicted, at the earnest solicitation of friends I propose to devote

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY of each week to any who may need no services in fitting Supporters, or bandages, and will give such advice and make such examinations as they may need at my residence on

DEPOT STREET, SOUTH WEYMOUTH. My price will be within the reach of all.

MRS. L. W. TUCK, South Weymouth. May 1, 1867.

BRADLEY'S Super-Phosphate

TAKE NOTICE. Those who have been unable to get any PHOSPHATE for planting, are advised to use it at first

should never be trusted without using 200 to 400 lb. of BRADLEY'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE per acre at the time of sowing the seed. It will double the yield, and double the value, as to quality, for feeding stock.

ELWOOD. NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. In Tracts to suit Purchasers.

21,000 acres of SUPERIOR SOIL.

24 Broad street, Boston.

Buckley & Bancroft

511 Washington St., BOSTON.

FURNITURE.

LATEST DESIGNS FOR

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

FLOWER SEEDS.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS

ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

Don't spend a dollar on CARPETINGS

Rubber Moulding.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

New Cook Store.

CLARION, A SLENDID BAKER.

EVERETT C. BUMPUS, ATTORNEY

Weymouth Market.

WILLIS & WORSTER, Provision & Grocery Store.

CONSTANTLY on hand a good assortment of

B. F. SHAW, DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES, Flour and Grain.

Seasonable Dry Goods, Shoe Findings and Shoe Tools.

OYSTERS FOR SALE in quantities to suit purchasers.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

ABINGTON Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

ELWOOD.

NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. In Tracts to suit Purchasers.

21,000 acres of SUPERIOR SOIL.

24 Broad street, Boston.

Buckley & Bancroft

511 Washington St., BOSTON.

FURNITURE.

LATEST DESIGNS FOR

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

FLOWER SEEDS.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS

ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

Don't spend a dollar on CARPETINGS

Rubber Moulding.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

JOHN M. WALSH,

Carriage Painter & Trimmer, AND HARNESS MAKER.

MARTIN BURRELL, Jr., House and Sign Painter & Glazier

Weymouth Market.

WILLIS & WORSTER, Provision & Grocery Store.

CONSTANTLY on hand a good assortment of

B. F. SHAW, DEALER IN

FAMILY GROCERIES, Flour and Grain.

Seasonable Dry Goods, Shoe Findings and Shoe Tools.

OYSTERS FOR SALE in quantities to suit purchasers.

S. D. & H. W. SMITH'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

ABINGTON Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

ELWOOD.

NEW JERSEY LANDS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. In Tracts to suit Purchasers.

21,000 acres of SUPERIOR SOIL.

24 Broad street, Boston.

Buckley & Bancroft

511 Washington St., BOSTON.

FURNITURE.

LATEST DESIGNS FOR

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

FLOWER SEEDS.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS

ECONOMY AND COMFORT.

Don't spend a dollar on CARPETINGS

Rubber Moulding.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

W. ALLEN.

Mansion House.

Corner of Columbia and Main Streets, SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

STEVEN'S HOUSE, 21, 23, 25 & 27 Broadway, New York.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE is well and widely known to the traveling public.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

THE STEVEN'S HOUSE has liberal accommodations for over 300 guests—it is well furnished, and possesses every modern improvement for the comfort and entertainment of its inmates.

S. W. PRATT,

Dealer in all kinds of Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges, including the celebrated "PEERLESS" COOK STOVE.

Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Including all kinds of Tin, Wood, Glass and Britannia Ware, and Table Cutlery.

ALL KINDS OF PUMPS, ALSO, LEAD AND GALVANIZED IRON PIPE.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, School & Winkip's Refrigerators.

TIN ROOFING, AND ALL KINDS OF JOBBING.

DOGS, DOGS.

HARRY JENNINGS, 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED AT PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

G. H. CUNINGHAM, Agent.

N. QUINCY TIRRELL, M.D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Weymouth Gazette

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

Establishment.

OFFICE IN DR. NYE'S BUILDING, OPPOSITE THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Weymouth Landing.

Letter Press Printing.

ALL orders may be entrusted with confidence that they will be filled with care and despatch.

LAW BLANKS, BLANK FORMS, BILL HEADS, BILLS LADING, BILLS FARE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, CHECKS, CERTIFICATES, CATALOGUES, SERMONS, REPORTS, HANDBILLS, SHOP BILLS, NOTES, LABELS, PLACARDS, POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, RECEIPTS, TICKETS, VISITING CARDS, WEDDING CARDS, &c., &c.

THE Weymouth Gazette

Is issued every FRIDAY MORNING, and will be furnished at Five Cents for single copies.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.00 PER YEAR, TO BE PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted conspicuously and correctly at the following rates:

15 lines, one insertion, \$1.00. 25 cents each week for additional insertions.

One column, per year, \$7.50. Half column and quarter column, at proportionate rates.

The Gazette will be for sale at the stores of M. K. Pratt, Weymouth Landing; L. E. Brown, A. H. Wright, and at Post Office, South Weymouth; S. Burrell, Lovell's Corner; Henry Lord, Nathan Pratt, East Weymouth; N. C. Rogers, S. Blanchard, and J. W. Bartlett, North Weymouth.

Also for sale by carriers.

It is something acquired in college, ignorant students their minds and both are wrecked gas and kerosene night when they sleeping in the morning, down in the study, and trying to come a Sunday essay, among the poor, busy, and the tired world, and felling sermons bubbling is being hired and thing over and over to a dull sleepy life and freshness instead of leaping the powers of darkness, the wicked, profane, and puny inspired by the words of peace and hungry hearts, you glad witness vain in the Lord.

It is in billing dined and wind fed on mince pies the dear sisters who good for the weary of such a long long for the luxur cold potatoes, instead in all things, all earnest, and all hours and hours no one else will studying the living it out to thirsty living fountain.

choked with a stinking the neck vocal organ in the sermon, till the paralyzed, instead and clear and to sense, and good need it, and love poured forth. It of man, and that too little of God much of human of divine power; ing, and too little Christian love; and timorous distrust heroic faith that and plucks up the delves face, and laughs at imposs over on the ruin

SCOTTISH IRISH he generally know what an extent of carriage, or I a business in the Seitate. In an cultural Report of that place, we pounds or about 6, ly cured in that consider the bulk extent of the crop The scientific man literally cartilage important uses a manufacture of hats and for the beers must remain state of repose in or bright, as it when, however, be new it is necessary, done either by the former being of Boston.

It is a little re is the only town duces any notice, etc. It grows all the North Shore, less valuable qual gives the uses of algae. [Abington

S. W. PRATT,
Dealer in all kinds of
Stoves, Furnaces and Ranges,
including the celebrated
"PEERLESS" COOK STOVE,
Admiral, Stewart Parlor, and the new
GAS BURNER RANGE.
Also, a very large stock of
Kitchen Furnishing Goods,
including all kinds of Tin, Wooden,
Glass and Britannia Ware, and
Table Cutlery.
ALL KINDS OF PUMPS,
ALSO, LEAD AND GALVANIZED IRON PIPE,
FULL ASSORTMENT OF
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
Schools & Winkip's Refrigerators,
TIN ROOFING, AND ALL
KINDS OF JOBBING,
DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

DOGS, DOGS.
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON.

AS a large assortment of Black Tans, Scotch
and Irish, Terriers, Gun Dogs, Water Dogs,
&c. for sale. Dogs cured of all diseases.
JENNINGS' MAGIC PLEA SOAP is recom-
mended to farmers as certain destruction to the
vermin of any kind on cattle, sheep or pigs.
Price 50 cents per box.
J. J. has Stock Dogs of all kinds, including a
handsome Italian Greyhound, Black Tans, and
a handsome, large, trained Siberian Blood-
hound in the State. All Dogs warranted.

HOWE SEWING MACHINE
Triumphant!!
GOLD MEDAL AWARDED AT
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

This machine possesses all the latest improve-
ments for manufacturing purposes and fam-
ily sewing—will Hem, Fell, Tuck, Band, Bind,
gather, quilt and make all the latest styles.
It is the most simple, practical and desirable
sewing machine in use, and is perfectly reliable
in every variety of fabrics. In buying many
other machines the purchaser is obliged to obtain
extra tools and various appliances for Hemming,
gathering, &c., but with this machine no extra
tools are made for these appliances—The ma-
chine being complete as sold.
The Howe Sewing Machine will be delivered
on terms stated in Circular and all information
desired in learning to operate them will be cheer-
fully furnished by the Agent.
G. H. CUNINGHAM, Agent,
6-22 EAST WEYMOUTH.

N. QUINCY THRELL, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Residence, Hillside, King Oak Hill,
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Weymouth Gazette
BOOK AND JOB
PRINTING
Establishment.
OFFICE IN DR. NEE'S BUILDING,
OPPOSITE THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
Weymouth Landing.

Letter Press Printing.
Orders may be entrusted with confidence that
it will be filled with care and dispatch. Par-
ticular attention paid to work of the following
descriptions:
W BLANKS, BLANK FORMS
ALL HEADS, BILLS LADING
SLS FARE, CIRCULARS,
SINCE CARDS, CHECKS,
RTIFICATES, CATALOGUES
RMONS, REPORTS,
NDRILLS, SHOP BILLS,
TES, LABELS,
CARDS, POSTERS,
GRAMMES, RECEIPTS,
KETS, VISITING CARDS,
DDING CARDS, &c. &c.

The Weymouth Gazette
is published every FRIDAY MORNING, and will
be delivered at Five Cents for single copies.
Subscription Price, \$2.00 PER YEAR, TO
BE PAID STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
REMARKS inserted conspicuously and
fully at the following rates:
Lines, one insertion, \$1.00. 25 cents each
for additional insertions.
Columns, per year, \$75.00. Half column
under column, at proportionate rates.

The Weymouth Gazette
will be for sale at the stores of
Gratt, Weymouth Landing; L. T. Brown,
Wright, and at Post Office, South Wey-
mouth; S. Burdell, Lowell's Corner; Henry Lord,
Post, East Weymouth; N. C. Rogers, S.
ard, and J. W. Bartlett, North Weymouth.
or sale by carriers.

The Weymouth Weekly Gazette,

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. 1.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1868.

NO. 40.

Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED FRIDAY MORNING, BY
C. G. EASTERBROOK.
TERMS:—\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.
SELECTED ARTICLES.

PREACHING.

It is not preaching that kills preachers.
It is something else. It is dyspepsia
acquired in college or in school, where
ignorant students are allowed to attend to
their minds and neglect their stomachs, till
both are wrecked for life. It is burning
gas and kerosene in close rooms at mid-
night when they ought to be in bed, and
sleeping in the morning when they ought
to be up and out of doors. It is sitting
down in the study with a cigar and a pen,
and trying to cudgel out a dry theory for a
Sunday essay, instead of walking abroad
among the poor, the sick, the tempted, the
busy, and the tired, giving each a gracious
word, and fetching back a half a dozen
sermons bubbling up within the heart. It
is being hired and tied to talk the same
thing over and over, month after month,
to a dull sleepy congregation who suck the
life and freshness out of a preacher's soul,
instead of leaping out for a raid among
the powers of darkness, and meeting the
worldly, the wicked, the neglected, and the
profligate, and pouring from a burning cup
inspired by the Holy Ghost, the glad
words of peace and blessing into the assem-
blies of those whose hearing ears, and
hungry hearts, and tearful eyes, will bear
your glad witness that the labor is not in
vain in the Lord.

It is in lolling idly in parlors, being
dined and wine by the rich brethren, and
fed on mince pies and plum puddings by
the dear sisters who think "nothing is too
good for the ministers," until, sick and
weary of such a life, a sensible man would
long for the luxuries of brain bread and
cold potatoes, instead of being temperate
in all things, abstemious, active, vigorous,
careless, and alive. It is in spending
hours and hours writing dry essays which
no one else will ever read, rather than in
studying the living word until it dwells
richly within the heart, and then pouring
it out to thirsty souls like the gush of
living fountain. It is in standing up half
clad with a stiff cravat and close collar,
bending the neck and cramping every
vocal organ in the effort to read a prosy
sermon, till the face is livid and the brain
paralyzed, instead of standing erect, free,
and clear, and talking earnest common
sense, and good gospel to persons who
need it, and love it, and long to hear it
poured forth. It is in having too much
of man, and that of a poor quality, and
too little of God within the soul; too
much of human weakness and too little
of divine power; too much sectarian feel-
ing, and too little of broad, all-embracing
Christian love; too much of narrow craft
and diabolical distrust, and too little of
heroic faith that moves the mountains,
and plucks up the scycianne trees, and
defies foes, and smiles at dangers, and
laughs at impossibilities, and leans for-
ever on the arm of God.

SCITUATE IRISH MOSS.—It may not be
generally known in this vicinity to
what an extent the gathering and curing
of carrigan, or Irish Moss, has become
a business in the neighboring town of
Scituate. In an article in the Agri-
cultural Report for 1866, by Major Bates,
of that place, we learn that some 500,000
pounds or about 6,000 barrels are annual-
ly cured in that one town, and when we
consider the bulk of a single pound, the
extent of the crop appears very great.
The scientific name is *Chondrus crispus*,
literally cartilaginous crisp. Its most
important uses are for sizing in the
manufacture of cloth, paper, felt and straw
hats and for the "fining" of beer. All
beers must remain a certain time in a
state of repose in order to become clear,
or "bright," as it is sometimes called;
when, however, beer is sent out very
new it is necessary to "fine" it. This is
done either by Irish moss, or by glass,
the former being most used in the vicinity
of Boston.

It is a little remarkable that Scituate
is the only town in the country that pro-
duces any noticeable amount of this arti-
cle. It grows abundantly, however, on
the North Shore, but of a coarser and
less valuable quality. The article also
gives the uses of many other marine
algae. [Arlington Standard.]

The velocity of the Gulf stream is reported
by experienced navigators to have
recently been greatly increased; the cur-
rents along the Florida reefs are said to
be so strong as almost to draw a steam
vessel upon the reefs. This phenomenon
is supposed to be the result of the recent
convulsions of the earth.

A morning call.—Milk below.

AN IRISH TALE.

"Will you never give up those trips,
Terrence? It is so lonely staying here
nights, and, beside, I am fearful that
some one will break in and rob the house
and murder us all. I never say my
prayers and go to bed without trembling
for my own life and that of the children,"
and the little woman hung upon the arm
of the strong man, begged him with tear-
ful eyes to give up his wandering life
(that of a peddler) and settle down.

"As soon as I have gathered enough
together to buy me a bit of ground, or
what would be better still, to emigrate to
America, that blessed land of freedom,
where, as the song says, there's bread
and work for all, and the bright sun is
always shining, I'll gladly give up carry-
ing the pack, for it is no easy work at
all, the best."

"Only think of the money you have in
the house now, husband dear! Surely
there is enough to take us across the sea
—you and I and the children, and Brid-
get, too, if she likes to go."

Bridget was the servant girl who helped
the wife of the peddler and was her sole
companion when he was away, and her
eyes, snatched with apparent delight when
she heard the proposition. But she said
nothing, and "the master" continued:
"It is true for you, Kathleen, that I
have a matter of an hundred pounds, or
so, which I shall leave for you to take
care of; and if I have good luck this trip
I promise you to either remain at home
or go to America, bless her. It's a good
friend she has been to Ireland, and many
is the poor soul she has kept from starv-
ing."

So take good care of the gold and the
children, Kathleen,—you and Bridget,
—until I come back;—and he kissed
his wife and bright-eyed, curly-headed
babies, gave Bridget the good-bye, should-
ered his pack, and strode stoutly away,
whistling merrily.

His heart was light, his form strong,
he had none of the fears of his wife, and
was looking forward joyfully to the time
when he would have a little home, a pig
and a cow and a patch of potatoes; that
would belong to himself alone, and over
which no hard-hearted steward, or non-
resistant landlord could claim control, al-
though he would willingly pay his tithes
to the church.

Terrence O'Brien was a peddler by
profession, and was called a "store-
banded" man. His family consisted of the
good wife, two children, a boy of scarcely
three years, a baby, and the girl of all
work, Bridget. At the start of his mar-
ried life he had rented a little cottage
that stood in a lonely, out-of-the-way
place, although he had increased his
store, he had retained possession of it on
the score of economy.

A brave, athletic man, and one who
feared nothing human, he could not un-
derstand the terrors of his wife, Kathleen
—in fact, gave them little thought.
Beside, robbery was a thing almost un-
known among the peasantry, and he
would never dream of his having a large
amount of money in his wretched cabin!
But it was not his custom to do so.
Usually he deposited it in a secure
place. So he gave the matter no further
thought than to promise himself that this
should be his last journey (if he did, as
well as he anticipated), and tugged
around, clattering the rickety cart into
purchasing fiery with which to daze
the eyes of their beaux at the next
fair.

With Kathleen, however, it was far
different. As the night began to draw
near and the wind to creep round the
corners of the cabin and whistle down the
chimney with a mournful sound, she be-
thought herself of the sovereign her
husband had left, and taking the bag in
which they were kept from the little cup-
board over the fire-place, she carefully
tucked it between the beds, remarking
at the same time to Bridget, "that no
one would ever think of looking for it
there."

"No," was the reply. "It would be a
smart man, sure, that would be looking
under the childrens to find gold!"

The tea over, for they were early sleep-
ers as well as early risers, the girl re-
quested that she might be allowed to pass
the evening with her sister, who resided
about a mile distant, and the anxious wife
and mother, although sorely loth to do so,
at length consented, insisting upon an
early return.

"But you will be back early, Bridget?"
"Ay, course I will that same. But don't
be after frettin'." And the girl departed.
The lone woman busied herself as
best she might until a late hour, but the
girl did not return. In a fever of anxiety,
she watched until fully another sixty
minutes had passed, although it appeared
to her like half a day; and then, consider-
ing it useless to remain up longer,
sought her own pillow, after commend-

ing herself to Him who is the protector
of the widow and the father of the father-
less. But she had not closed her eyes
before there was a loud rap upon the
door.

"Is that you, Bridget?" she asked,
hopelessly.

"No," was the answer, and her heart
sank like lead within her. "No; I am
a stranger,—have lost my way; you must
let me in."

"I cannot,—cannot! I am a poor, lone
woman. I dare not let you in."
"You need have no fear. As there is
a God in heaven, I will not harm you.
I am an escaped convict—an innocent
one—and as you have mercy in your
heart, open the door."

When was such an appeal made to an
Irish heart in vain? An escaped con-
vict, and wanting succor? That is a
talisman to open every door—to have
the last potato or bit of bread forced into
the hungry mouth. Yes, it is truly the
open sesame to an Irish heart, and it
operated so in this case.

The woman arose, opened the door,
gave the fugitive food, and having again
received his assurance that he would do
her no harm, but on the contrary protect
her, and having also seen him stretch
himself upon the floor before the remnant
of the peat fire, she again sought the
side of her sleeping children.

But even then she was not allowed to
rest. At first her fears kept her awake.
Then came another loud rap for admis-
sion, and both she and her strange visi-
tor arose.

"Is this part of your gang?" she asked
in trembling whispers.

"I call heaven to witness," he answered
solemnly, "that such is not the case.
Ask them what they want."

She did so, and was told that they
knew she had money in the house, and
were determined to have it.

"Tell them," whispered the stranger,
"that you have a friend with you, and
that it will be dangerous for them to en-
ter."

"I have a friend here," she said, going
close to the door, "a man who will pro-
tect me, and you had better not try to
get in."

"I know better," laughed a female voice,
that of Bridget, the servant-girl; "I
know that there is no one there except
the children!"

"What shall I—shall I do?" asked the
poor woman, wringing her hands.

"Tell them," again said the stranger,
"that I have pistols, and will shoot the
first one that dares to step his foot with-
in the door. God help me! I would not
have blood upon my hands; but I promised
to protect you with my life, and I will.
Warn them yet once more."

"Bridget," shouted Mrs. O'Brien, "the
friend I have here has pistols, and will
certainly kill you. I warn you to go
away!"

Again the bold, bad laugh of the ser-
vant-girl rang out, and her voice could
be distinctly heard urging them on.

"It's only talking they are. Devil a
one is there in the cabin but the children.
Break down the door, and be done with it.
I tell you there's more'n a hundred
pounds hidden between the beds!"

"Stand back," whispered the convict
to his hostess; "their blood be upon
their own heads!"

Scarcely had the words been uttered
before heavy blows fell upon the door,
and made it tremble upon its hinges.

The self-appointed protector stood in
a little side, calm and firm. In either
hand he held a pistol, and his manner
showed that he was no stranger to their
use.

"Down with the door!" shouted Brid-
get, or else stand aside and give me the
axe!"

A shower of heavy blows, and it fell.
The false servant-girl entered, and
dropped dead with a bullet buried in her
brain. The foremost of the men met
the same fate, and the others fled. They
had quite enough of bloodshed.

To leave the helpless woman there,
was not to be thought of by the kind-
hearted stranger; and though prison or
transportation stared him in the face, he
comforted her as well as was possible,
straightened the corpse, and then, hast-
ening to the nearest magistrate, told the
entire story, not even denying who and
what he was.

The facts were too evident to even
bear questioning, and as a reward for his
bravery the convict was pardoned—sub-
sequently found to have been convicted
innocently, and when the husband and
father returned, was readily persuaded
to emigrate with the family to the land
of the free and the home of the brave.

Now in one of the Western States
Terrence O'Brien has a house by the
side of a beautiful river, and not far from
it is another where the once fugitive con-

vict has a wife and children of his own to
protect, and both families will give as
an heirloom to their descendants the lit-
tle but true story, of how a pardon was
won.

MARITAL.
Adown the aged dingy glass,
Seven times his twelvemonths sands have ran,
And voicing all the stars in light
Shines forth his boy's bewitching sun.
For just seven years ago to-day
Was my lone life affection-orbed,
As to my strangely haunting pulse
The wifely heart, my darling, throbbeth.

And yet it seems but yesterday
We stood beside each other—wed,
So clearly the sands have dropped—
So quickly have the minutes sped!
And now I know why that with God
A thousand years away are one day;
The force, and time is one dear noon,
Unwearied with red, unmet in grey.

From West to East, a thousand miles,
And bidding clouds black, tempest-rimed,
Come floating down in snow-white palms!
And we have found Life's banquet table,
And through drear oak lands, mountain-ringed,
We sped New England's pine-grove dells.

Now, evermore the ocean's roar
So clearly the sands have dropped—
In tones more gently soft than zephyrs
Whispered these words the Sunset takes,
And we have found Life's banquet table,
Between the peace below, above,
Shore reft, and more sweet to be
Than childhood's haven-home of love.

Friends, kind and true, have grown of me—
And chosen our way, through all these years—
Those falling from our social sky
Thrust us and swept-crooping sun.
Yet doer, sweeter, brighter far,
The love we pleased, so long ago,
And we have found Life's banquet table,
Between the peace below, above,
Shore reft, and more sweet to be
Than childhood's haven-home of love.

But more than dearest human love
Has Christ's abiding presence been—
A wall of fire, Heaven-high, let down
To guard and sweep-crooping sun.
To Him be thanks for singing birds,
Sweet flowers, and all our Eden bliss,
And pours such Heaven-life into this.

Jan. 21st, 1858.
JOSH BILLINGS' NATURAL
HISTORY.

The Alligator is not a natif of NU
England; he is too useless a critter to
be born there.

He belongs down South, and resides in
the same swamp that the copperhead
dunz.

He lives upon raw pig, and don't
hesitate to take them whole, if there
don't happen to be a smaller one handy.

He is fond of a little negro once in
a while by way of a fresh.

What on earth they are good for, I
don't seem to know, unless it iz to
watch for pigs.

Their hides can be tanned into leath-
er, but they are az hard to skin az a
beech tree iz; and the leather when tan-
ned, iz just about az limber az a cooking
stove. But a pair of boots made out of
alligator, will last az long az a man's
mune dunz; the only way to wear them
out iz to leave them away.

Alligator meat iz not luscious. If you
ask for it at the first-class hotels, they
always tell you that they are just out.
It tastes az I should think the beef of a
mule would, who had been worked forty
years in a brick-yard, and then been
struck by lightning to get red up him.

When the alligator's mouth iz wide
open, his head iz just about in the center
of his body; but they have one virtue
I came very near forgetting—they make
a very still noise, altho they have more
jaw than any other critter I know of.

These are some of the heaviest facts
I have been able to gather about the
alligator.

The alligator seems to be a second
edition of the krokodile, made out of
what was left.

I think the krokodile usually lays eggs
when they want some more krokodiles,
but don't know whether I think the
alligator dunz or not; but if they do
and I ever find the nest, and the old
feller aint on the nest, I shouldnt
hesitate to hatch out the eggs my-
self—with a klub.

This iz all I kno at present about the
alligator.

THE BEN
iz the smallest thing surrounded with
leathers, except the humming bird.

He iz about the size of a horse
chestnut.

He iz of a dark brown color, and
bills his nest in not holes, out of lit-
tle bits of six.

He iz az gritty az a mud pie, and
will fight a hen turkey.

Reus are little pirates—I have seen
them drive a blaboid out of his house,
and sett up bizzness on his stock in-
trade.

They lay an egg about the size of a
marrowfat p, and hatch out at least a
half a dozen children at a setting.

A young ren iz the funniest little
package that ever I see done up; and
they aint much bigger, and look very
much like a small-sized semicolon.

Reus are long-lived, but if they should
live to be as old as Methuselah, they
wouldnt be az big az a butter nut.

They live on the bog and worm family,
and spend their winters roosting.

They are not profitable to eat—I

would as soon dress a bumble bee, and
one pot-pie would use up the whole
breed.

THE CROW.
Next to the monkey, the crow has the
most deviltry to spare. They are born
very wild, but can be tamed az easy az
the goat kan, but a tame crow iz actually
wuss than a sore thumb.

If there is any thing about the horse
that they kant git into, it iz because
the thing iznt big enuf. I had rather watch
a distrikt skool than one tame crow.
Crows live on what they kan steal, and
they will steal any thing that ain't
tied down.

They are fond of meat vittles, and
are the first to hold an inquest over a
departed horse, or still sheep. They
are a fine bird to hunt, but a hard
one to kill; they kan see you 2 miles
first, and will smell a gun right through
the side of a mountain.

They are not songsters, altho they have
a good voice to cultivate, but what they
do sing, they seem to understand thorow-
ly; long prattiks has made them per-
fect.

The crow is a tuff bird, and kan
stand the heat like a blacksmith, and
the cold like a stun wall.

They hold their nest among a tree,
and lay twice, and both eggs would
hatch out if they wuz laid in a snow
bank,—there aint no such thing as stop-
ping a young crow.

Crows are very lengthy, I believe they
live always, I never kno on to die a
natural deith, and don't believe they kno
how.

They are always thin in flesh, and are
like an injin rubber shew, "poor inside
and out."

They are not considered fine eating,
altho I have read somewhere of bile
crow, but still I never heard of the same
man hankering for some billed crow 2
times.

This essa on the crow iz copied from
nature, and if it iz true, I aint to blame
for it, natur made the crow, I didnt, if
I had I would have made her more honest
and not quite so tuff.

THE "BOTTEL."

The Universalist Quarterly for Janu-
ary, gives an extract from a sermon by
Cotton Mather before the General As-
sembly of Massachusetts Province, in
1709, in which he says:

"What is the matter about which I
make such a Cry? Such a Repeted Cry;
and will not give doing so. I am
with all possible solemnity to tell you;
such Prodigious Quantities of rum, to
be consumed among a People of our En-
gagements to be the most Sober People
in the World, I must say, *Tis an horri-
ble Thing!* I request some capable
Person, to compute the Quantities, and
then make the most Proper and Obvious
Inferences; I am sure they must all say,
Tis an horrible Thing!"

In my Importunities for a STREET of
Pure gold, if I am asked, When I will
have done with my Blows upon the
Bottel! My Answer is, *When I see it
broken!* When I see, its universally
counted a Shameful thing to be too free
with it; When I see People take it, only
When and Az, it may be useful to
them.

Idont move to have the Use of it Ban-
ished, but the Abuse and Excess of it.
And I most importantly move, That
all Sober People throughout the Land
upon him, he making a desperate stroke
with his club. After a smart struggle
Flinn was bound, his hands behind his
back, and pushed on deck before the king.

He was then placed on a seat at the
edge of the bridge, the seamen, or bears
watching for his fall into the sail. His
eyes were then bandaged, and Neptune,
placing a speaking trumpet close to his
ear, shouted:

"What is your name?"
Flinn, thinking he had better take it
easy, answered—
"Felix Flinn, your honor."

"Where were you born?"
"Waterford, sir."

"Very good. Have you ever been in-
troduced to me before?"
"Well, when you swear never to eat
black bread when you kan get white,
unless you like black bread best?"

"Of course, do you think I'm a fool?"
said Felix.

"Easy, easy. Do you swear never to
kiss the maid when you kan kiss the
mistress?"

"Yes," says Felix.
Now Neptune, who was determined to
amuse Felix, knowing him to be a good
Catholic, said:

"Do you, Felix Flinn, say God bless
King Neptune, his wife Amphitrite, his
six children, and to h—l with the pope."

"No," roared Flinn, "I'm — if I do!"

"Barber, do your duty," says Nep-
tune.

CROSSING THE LINE.
A correspondent of the Waltham Free
Press, gives the following description of
the ceremony of initiating green sailors
when crossing the line.

"During this passage we crossed the
line, but were not visited by Neptune,"
as the process of initiating green hands
while crossing the line has gone out of
use during late years. Formerly, when
a ship was on the line, green hands
were made subjects to a cruel custom
of ducking, shaving, &c., which I will
illustrate by describing the ceremony as
I saw it on board an English man-of-
war a few years ago.

The captain of the fore-castle, a rough
old tar, to whom a green hand was an
eyesore, took the part of King Neptune;
while the gunner's mate assumed that of
Amphitrite his wife. Six of the most
salvage tars represented their children,
and advanced from behind a canvas
screen placed across the fore-castle.

A large sail was doubled under the bridge
and filled with water, in which rolled
and tumbled about a dozen sailors strip-
ped to the waist. Neptune and Amphitrite
were dragged along decks by his six
children; the former rode on a spare gun
carriage, by the side of which stood the
Ocean Barber, brandishing a huge razor
made from an iron hoop, while a white-
wash brush ornamented his waist.

By his side walked his mate carrying a com-
pound of grease, tar, paint, &c., in a
deck bucket. Deck pumps and hose
were rigged, and seamen were station-
ed in the tops with buckets for drawing
water aloft. After saluting the captain,
inquiring the name of the ship, and after
the health of Queen Victoria, and evin-
cing much surprise and sorrow about the
death of Nelson, they partook of a bot-
tle of grog, smacking their lips rather
vulgarily for sea gods, when they took
their seats on the bridge and sent their
children for the new recruits, who were
all below decks. There were about fifty
to be initiated, and I will describe the
first.

The first was a roaring, ramping Irish-
man, full of fight at any time, who had
often said that he would never submit
to such an operation. The six children
found him on the main deck armed with
a gun spike.

"Felix Flinn," said one, "your pres-
ence is required on the upper deck by
King Neptune."

"May the devil fly away with you,
Tom Morris, and Neptune too. I know
your games, and you can't play them
on me," said Flinn. And he retreated
toward the mounjer armed with his
club.

Some farther parley ensued when,
watching their opportunity they dashed
upon him, he making a desperate stroke
with his club. After a smart struggle
Flinn was bound, his hands behind his
back, and pushed on deck before the king.

He was then placed on a

THE WEYMOUTH GAZETTE

FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1868.

CHARLES COFFIN JEWETT, Senior Warden of Christ Church, Quincy, and Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, died on the 30th of January, 1868.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Jewett was richly endowed with the choicest gifts of our Heavenly Father. He possessed varied, great, and active intellectual powers, which had been developed and strengthened by a thorough education in scientific, classical, literary, and theological studies. After graduating from College, he went through the entire course of the Divinity School at Andover, where he devoted a great deal of attention to the Oriental languages. After being chosen Professor of Modern Languages, and Librarian in Brown University, he passed some time abroad perfecting himself in the knowledge of the languages and literature of Europe. He was practically acquainted with the mechanic arts, a skillful teacher, and as a bibliographer, without an equal.

All his learning, wisdom, and strength were devoted to his beloved Saviour. He was a firm believer in the Divinity of our Lord and all the doctrines of grace. He prayed with the assurance that all his prayers were heard through Christ's intercession. He never failed, unless constrained by the sternest necessity, to worship the Lord in his sanctuary, even leaving his sick bed to be in his place in the church on the Lord's Day; and on the last morning of his life, as his custom was, he gathered his family for prayer before he left his home. To him "Christ was all and in all."

The son of a Congregational clergyman and educated in another communion, he became convinced that the Protestant Episcopal Church is a true branch of the Church of Christ and was confirmed in Christ Church, Quincy, on the 14th of June, 1861.

His Christian character was strong because it was complete. His life was holy and consistent. He abhorred deception, and hated dissimulation. He was distinguished for inflexible integrity, perfect honesty, the utmost fidelity in the discharge of every duty, extraordinary carefulness to do not only all that was expected of him, but also whatever others associated with him might have undone, and that nice sense of honor which is found in its perfection only in those whose hearts have been filled with the Holy Ghost. With such graces and attainments he was necessarily independent of the world and of fashion, free from ambition, happy in his pursuits, and in his family joys as a child when he escaped from a few days of recreation to the mountains and forests, and even amidst cares and labors that would have overwhelmed and crushed a weaker man, always cheerful and genial. He was humble, modest, and retiring, and never seemed conscious of his superior learning, judgment and goodness. He was kind, tender, and sympathizing, self-forgetful, and so full of thoughtful consideration, so mild and affectionate, that many noted his gentleness who did not know his strength of character, firmness, courage, zeal, energy, and perseverance. He wore out his life for others. His courteous demeanor, pleasant smile, dignity of deportment, and deferential manner, were the genuine expression of his feelings. He was a perfect gentleman, always mindful of the precept, "Be ye kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us."

His religion was not a form or a profession. It mingled with the whole current of his life. He was one with his Saviour, and to few men has it been given to come as near as he did to that pure and holy character of Jesus which is portrayed in the Gospel. St. Paul's account of Christian charity described our departed friend. He suffered long and was kind. He envied not, and did not vaunt himself. He was not puffed up, and did not believe himself unseemly. He did not seek his own, and was not easily provoked. He thought no evil, rejoiced not in iniquity, but rejoiced in the truth. He bore, believed, hoped, and endured all things. Who has forgotten the noble stand that he took, almost unaided, against the attempt to violate the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath by opening the Public Library on the Lord's Day?

To the Parish of Christ Church, Quincy, he has been, for the last eight years, a tower of strength. His faith inspired with hope and courage that small band of Churchmen who, when their sacred edifice was destroyed by fire, resumed the public services of the Church on the next day, and, within a year, presented for consecration a substantial and beautiful stone building. The prosperity of the Parish is, under God, due to his unwearied attention to every detail of parochial work, good judgment, careful forethought, and determination to avoid debt, and his great personal influence. Two monuments will preserve his memory, one the noblest institution connected

with the interests of free education, the other that holy house which bears our Saviour's name.

His life is a vindication of the Christian religion, proving the truth of the doctrines of grace which he believed, the reality of the Saviour on whom he rested, and the mighty efficacy of that work of the Spirit which made him, amidst engrossing duties and constant intercourse with the world, a holy man.

Worn out by incessant work, he longed for rest, and God gave to his beloved sleep. "He walked with God," like Enoch, "and was not, for God took him."—In his last hours he was conscious of no pain, and felt no sorrow nor anxiety for those whom he left without him to care for them. The Lord found him at his work, not idle but watching. He was faithful unto death. He has gone to receive the crown of life. May God give us grace so to follow this blessed saint in all virtues and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which He has prepared for those who unfeignedly love him through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE LECTURES.—C. H. Brainard's lecture on Monday evening was well attended, notwithstanding the snow storm. During the afternoon the weather seemed so unfavorable that it was feared the lecture might be a failure. But the people of Weymouth are not easily deterred by storms, and a large and appreciative audience greeted Mr. Brainard, and all went away feeling that they were well paid for coming. The clear and distinct picture of our national poet which Mr. Brainard gave, will never be effaced from the minds of those who heard him.

The singing on the occasion was excellent, and the audience is truly under great obligations to those who so kindly contributed to their enjoyment. Truly it was said of old, "They shall sing in the height of Zion. Good judges pronounce Mr. Brainard's lecture the best of the course thus far.

MILITARY ANECDOTES.—One of the most inexhaustible funds of anecdote can be found in the experience of the boys in blue among the seers, and we think it would well repay some knight of the quill to travel a la Weston, and gather up, from intercourse with the soldiers, these fragments of roguery, for compilation of an attractive volume. We listened, the other evening, to an anecdote of the campaigns, told by a member of Co. H, which is worth repeating. The surgeon of one of the regiments was named Lundquist, a Swede by birth, who was overhauling with humor, and never lost sight of the point where he could make a hit. One of the seers, named DeLoach, lived near the encampment, and was the owner of an imported bull, of much value, on which the hungry eyes of the boys, whose meat rations were few and far between, looked with unconquerable longing, and whose desire at length culminated in the shooting of the bull by one of the men, and the disappearance of his carcass down the gullets of the mess. The owner discovered the author of the massacre, hastened to headquarters for redress, and encountered the surgeon, to whom he stated his grievance. The man was called up, and questioned in broken English as to his reasons for shooting the bull, when he replied that they wanted meat. Placing his hand on the shoulder of the man, the surgeon said with a merry twinkle:—"You no shoot that bull any more; if you do I'll send you back to your company." The seer could not discover where he had received the satisfaction for which he was seeking.

BOSTON, January 24, 1868.
Mr. Editor.—We feel it due to the parties who furnished the estimates on the night of the detention of the train on the S. S. R. R. to make some corrections in the article in your paper. The provisions were furnished by private parties at their own expense, who, when the call for "grob" went forth, were on hand with the following bill of fare:

One half bushel of crackers by a stranger, cheese by same party.
One pair of apples by Josiah Sherman, dinner pail full of coffee, donated by friends from Weymouth Landing. Most of us were satisfied with the above, but some not used to common food were not disposed to be quiet and in the twinkling of an eye Brother Nelson had a pound of beef sizzling over the fire. Good followed, and others, so with the best, together with Levi's gallon of oysters, all seemed happy.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.
Phoenix Division S. of T. made preparation on Wednesday evening for an expected visit from a Division in Dorchester, but the loaded tables were spread in vain, as the continued storm compelled the visiting Lodge to postpone their trip.

Fearless Engine Co. of Randolph, give their annual levee and ball on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, and have extended invitations to the officers and members of the Fire Companies in this town to be present at their annual festival.

EAST WEYMOUTH, Jan. 6, 1868.
Editor Gazette.—The within ancient document was handed me by a namesake of mine in Providence; if you think it worth publishing you can do so. Yours with respect,
LOVELL BICKNELL.

Boston, Jan. 12, 1719.
To Mr. Alexander Sears, James Tilestone, John Waldo, Owen Harris, Thomas Lee, Jonathan Munroff, Francis Parnell, and Ephraim Mower.

Dear Brethren.—We Received your Letter of December 11, 1719, with ye Inclosed queries, and have considered em; we can truly Say, we heartily wish ye welfare in all regards, and are not Inclined to Irritate ye minds of those who are Discomposed, but rather to Calme & Heal them. As to your Inquiry, we therefore Say, As to your Inquiry, there was any Occasion to propose them, all Nor is it needful to have them all particularly answered; what we Conceive most Material in ye present case, we declare in ye following particulars, viz:

1. We think the remove of a Pastor from ye Flock committed to his Charge at his Solemn Ordination, Should not be attempted without very Weighty and Substantial Reasons.
2. Tho ye Revd Mr. Peter Thacher remove from his pastoral Charge of ye Church at Weymouth, yet he has not heatherto given or declared to us, those reasons weh we judge Sufficient or Satisfactory in ye present case.
3. Where there is a number of Churches in a Neighbourhood holding Communion with one another; as it is usual & Commendable to have a Council of Churches at ye ordination of a minister; So we think it as orderly & Needful (Unless here be extraordinary Circumstances weh we dont see in ye Present case) ye Ordained Minister Should not be removed from one Church to another, Unless ye Occasion and Reasons there of be first heard & Consented too, by a Council of Churches in ye place.

4. Therefore we think it an Oversight and Shameworthy for ye Revd Mr. Thacher to Seek a Dismission from his Pastoral Charge at Weymouth, or the Church there to give it without ye Concurrence of a Council of Churches.
5. As therefore we are not Satisfied about ye Reasons of Mr. Thacher's remove from Weymouth; we do by no means approve ye ways and means of it, viz. without ye advice of a council.

6. We plainly and Solemnly profess & Declare, that we would not have this remove of Mr. Thacher (or any preceeding one of like nature, if such there be) to be quoted as an example or precedent to encourage ye like for time to come, because we look on such remove of ordained ministers as Directly tending to Unsettle and Disquiet ye Church & ye Land. Since these are our sentiments, we do not wonder Brethren, that you have been somewhat stumbled and dissatisfied at Mr. Thacher's remove, and wish some management with reference to him, we fear also that your Dissent in this affair has not been quite so much regarded by some of your brethren as it should have been, yet we proceed to say:

7. We find Mr. Thacher is dismised from his Pastoral relation to ye Church at Weymouth; and that in a letter from the Church, they Declare em feloes in perfect Charity with him.
8. We find likewise that ye Church at Weymouth is quietly and peaceably settled under a worthy minister lately ordained there; and God forbid that any should go to Occasion further trouble or Disquietment to that Church who have had too much already.

9. We find also that ye people of ye New North Church & Congregation in Boston have called Mr. Thacher to ye ministerial work & office among them; and that he has accepted the call: Furthermore:
10. Mr. Thacher is known to be a Person of very desirable Ministerial Qualifications & abilities, and of a blameless Character, except the fact that he has been unadvised & unwise in ye circumstances & concomitants of his late remove. We think therefore, that ye most charitable thoughts weh the case admits of should be entertained of him. However upon ye whole, things being as they are, we apprehend it would be best that the New North should not push on the settlement of Mr. Thacher among em; and if you should not lodge in ye building of a New Meeting House, which ye knowledge is not needful; and if not needful you cant think it a sin in you to forbear building; your estates are given ye glory of God; if you expend em where his glory does not call for it, how can you answer to (Prov. 3: 9.) If you build, none can forbeare to build with you; ye difficulties weh may possibly happen to ye, before you have finished and paid for ye house are and are quietly settled under a faithful minister. If you forbear building would your conscience condemn you as guilty before God for it? But if you build there not a prospect of occasioning much pain, and many inconveniences in ye Town? Is it not better therefore to desist? Time often does those things weh Nothing else can. A patient waiting may cool and calm spirits that are Discomposed and heated. Time by ye help of God may give more light to you, to us, to Mr. Thacher, Mr. Webb, & ye New North in ye recent affair, than we have heitherto had. In way of patient waiting & humble supplication to heaven Providence may possibly clear up the matters weh are dark at present, so that all concerned may at last join in some measure that may be Holy, peaceable, and comfortable. Patient and prayerful waiting is therefore what we think best at present; and so we advise you too; and that you and your brethren with whom ye are Dissatisfied, would take opportunities to converse together in a spirit of Meekness for ye Quieting and reconciling your spirits, that you may again be United in love as formerly. We earnestly commend to your Reading and Consideration the following texts, (ye words of that God who will soon judge both you and us) Math. 5: 14: 15 & 5: 9. Rom. 12: 17: 18. Eph. 4: 26: 27: 31: 32. Jam. 5: 16: 17. Peter 3: 8: 9 & 5: 3. See Cor. 13: 4: 11. But if Contentions and Divisions should prevail,

how greatly would it dishonor God, gratifie ye Devil, grieve ye Golly, and hurt yourselves and others too! Gal. 3: 14: 15. Jam. 3: 13 to 18. Math 12: 25. We pray God to direct both you and ourselves to do what may be most for his glory and our own comfort in a dying hour and Judgment day which are hastening upon us all.

Your Hearty friends, truly desirous of your Welfare.
Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Benj. Wadsworth, Benj. Colman, Joseph Sewall, Thos. Prince, William Cooper.

SAD ACCIDENT. Miss Rachel Newcomb, an aged lady living on Summer street in Quincy, was severely burned on the 11th inst. It is almost impossible to tell how the accident happened as she was alone at the time, and everything remains in her room as usual. She was so severely burned in and around her mouth, that it is difficult to understand what she says. Her friends think she must have fallen on the stove, as her face, right hand and arm are shockingly burned. She is subject to fainting fits, and may have had one, although when she came down stairs, after the accident she informed Miss Faxon that she did not fall. She was removed to her brother's residence, Mr. Richard Newcomb, on Washington street, where she receives every attention of kindness and love to alleviate her sufferings. She was one of those cheerful dispositions, always ready to relate some interesting event of her younger days, and a large circle of friends sympathize with her in this affliction.

We learn that Miss Newcomb is still living and remains in about the same condition, as she has for the last ten days, and no hopes are entertained of her recovery.
[Patriot.]

We think Prescho & Brothers have done themselves credit and have conferred a favor upon the public, in providing such attractive "Dining Rooms" at 12 & 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. They have had regard to both the comfort and the purse of those who favor them with their patronage. We can cheerfully commend their place to our readers.

WEYMOUTH, Jan. 23, 1868.
Is it true that business is, or has been so good, or is it true that the good people of 1st District in Weymouth have not public spirit enough to remove the snow from the streets at a price per hour less than two shillings? At Quincy on the 15th and all Weymouth on the other, came up to the line of 1st District, for twenty five cents per hour, where snow known that in all the towns where snow business is carried on, that business never was more dull than during the last two months. Let any responsible man in 1st District in Weymouth give suitable notice to Quincy, Braintree, and Weymouth that he would pay twenty five cents per hour for removing snow in the 1st District in Weymouth, and no doubt hundreds would flock down there. Try it the next time your streets are blocked, if that time comes this winter.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL COUNCIL. At an Ecclésiastical Council, held in the vestry of the School Street Church, Boston, on the 20th inst., at which pastors and delegates were present from the Universalist Societies in Roxbury, East Boston, Abington, South Weymouth, Melrose, Weymouth, Beverly, South Reading, Arlington, Lowell, it was unanimously voted that the examination of the candidate, Mrs. P. A. Hanford, was satisfactory, and the Universalist Church in Hingham are left at liberty to ordain and install her as their pastor, which will probably be done at an early day.

Rev. A. J. Patterson of Roxbury presided in the Council, and Samuel Porter, Esq. of Beverly acted as Secretary. The examination was conducted mainly by Rev. John G. Adams of Lowell.

Mrs. Hanford is the editor of the *Ladies' Repository*, and Assistant Editor, with Mr. Adams, of the Sabbath School paper of the Universalist. She has been laboring with the church in Hingham for more than a year, and given entire satisfaction. [Journal.]

APPOINTMENT.—Everett C. Bumpus, Esq. has been appointed Trial Justice in the place of James Humphrey, Esq., resigned.

Mr. Bumpus will hold court over his office, as soon as arrangements can be made. Mr. Bumpus has also been commissioned Notary Public.

At a meeting of Union Lodge of Good Templars, held Jan. 24, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, that we hail with much joy the action of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, of Mass., at its last session, in adopting a resolution, declaring it to be conduct unbecoming a Son of Temperance, to countenance in any manner the enactment of a License Law.

Also voted that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Weymouth Gazette for publication.

The Abington Standard says that the Congregational Church in that village, which came so near being destroyed by the destructive fire on Tuesday morning, had a narrow escape from fire later in the day. The soot in the stove funnel in the story caught fire, and burned through it, and filled the room with smoke, but was discovered in time to extinguish it before the fire had gathered any headway. The same paper also says that arrangements are already being made to build upon the burnt district.

It is in contemplation to cover the whole of the vacant premises with a new and commodious block, adapted to the wants of business men and the public generally.

Messrs. Hill & Lane, landlords of the popular resort for travellers in Kansas, the U. S. Hotel at Ellsworth, have our thanks for files of Missouri and Kansas papers.

THE FOURTH LECTURE of the course of ten will be given on Monday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, by Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Garrison will give the new lecture which he gave this winter in Music Hall, Boston. It is well worth a dollar to hear this distinguished orator and philanthropist, and we are most singularly favored to be able to secure his services in this course. Tickets to the lecture, 25 cents; to the whole course, \$1.00.

Harper's Magazine for February has the tenth paper on Personal Recollections of the War, which is well illustrated. A Summer on the Plains, is another illustrated article, followed by The Woman's Kingdom, a love story, by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." A sketch of the late Gov. Andrew, with a portrait, forms a part of the valuable matter in this number.

DEATHS

Registered in the Town of Weymouth for the Year 1867.

DATE OF DEATH.	NAME OF DECEASED.	AGE.	DISEASE OR CAUSE OF DEATH.	PLACE OF BIRTH.
Jan'y	1 Mary Crocker (Mara),	66	Consumption.	Ireland.
	4 Edgar F. Hunt,	17 10 22	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	4 Lydia Randall (Pratt),	70 1 13	Pneumonia.	"
	8 Jane Sanborn,	38 1 12	"	Gilmanston, N. H.
	13 David Ayers Reed,	71 1 7	Apoplexy.	Weymouth.
	15 Clara Harrington (Dougherty),	62	"	Ireland.
	18 Edgar F. Monroe,	3 10	Abscess on Liver.	Saratoga.
	23 Frederick W. Faulkner,	61 2 1	Rheum & Erysipelas.	Roylston.
	25 Mary E. Meade,	7 4	Lung Fever.	Weymouth.
	27 Sarah O. Pratt (Rogers),	81 2 18	Paralysis.	Marshallfield.
	30 Hannah Martin,	9	"	Weymouth.
	* 8 Jane Humphrey (Webb),	94	Old Age.	"
	8 George Willard Clevley,	8 1 9	Diphtheria.	Ireland.
	8 Joanna Cotter,	20 2	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	10 George Shepard Hayes,	7 14	Rheumatism.	Ireland.
	18 Catharine O'Brien (Winter),	70	Old Age.	Weymouth.
	23 George Henry French,	40 9 2	Consumption.	"
	25 Asa F. French,	42 8 19	Consumption Lungs.	"
	28 Clara Thomas Chandler,	10	Phthisis.	"
	32 Patrick Sullivan,	4 4	Paralysis.	"
	33 Henry Hatch Cowing,	55 1 3	Consumption.	"
	13 Mary Jane Desorlette,	37 10 9	Consumption.	Ireland.
	31 Joseph B. Hayes,	46 9 2	Croup.	Braintree.
	31 Clara Huntress (Hates),	43	Congestion of Lungs.	Weymouth.
	11 Child A. J. & Mary E. Randall,	22 2	Cruel Treatment in Rebel Prison.	"
	12 Eugene F. Kimball,	22	"	"
	18 Adella M. Battles,	5 18	Lung Fever.	"
	20 Warren Bates,	82	Old Age.	"
	3 Lydia Stockbridge (Trufant),	71 7 23	Anemia.	Boston.
	8 Charles E. Joly,	7 2	Lung Fever.	Rhode Island.
	8 Jacob Tirrell,	2 4	"	Weymouth.
	18 Edward Billings,	33 14	Consumption.	"
	15 Child Jas. & Johanna Quilon,	8 8 9	"	"
	11 Lily Emma Willet,	45 9 25	Chro Hepat & Dropsy.	Ohio.
	13 Fanny Fox Hall,	75 12	"	Bartlett, N. H.
	13 Susan Hunt (Sear),	4 12	"	Randolph.
	8 Merton Willett,	4 21	Congestive Scarlatina.	Weymouth.
	12 Rachel F. Hastings (Rogers),	26 20	Consumption.	"
	23 Elizabeth Belcher,	4 23	Lung Fever.	Randolph.
	28 Amos Merritt,	81 2 22	Old Age.	"
	11 Ann Frances Cushing,	22 2	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	23 Agnes A. Gould,	29 5	"	"
	23 Emma Frances Clepp,	22 2	Consumption.	"
	11 Charles E. Hunt,	49 8 11	Bronch. Consumption.	Weymouth.
	15 Child M. S. (Hobbs),	31 9 18	Consumption.	Cambridge.
	15 Martha J. E. Whittington,	29 5	Teething.	Weymouth.
	26 Ellen MacNeil,	29	Small Pox.	"
	1 Child Thomas & Ellen Connell,	64 5	Ind. of Bowels.	Hingham.
	28 Child John W. & Maggie E. Dea,	15	Stillborn.	Weymouth.
	15 Child J. & A. Maria Dodge,	1	"	"
	51 Susan Knight,	1	Dysentery.	"
	15 Catherine E. Nelligan,	7 24	Cholera Infantum.	"
	15 Lucy Ann Steison (Hodge),	48 8	Stranguliverticaria.	Maine.
	15 Mary P. Shaw (Hollbrook),	59 12	"	Weymouth.
	24 Cotton Tufts French,	56 3 6	Dysentery.	"
	24 Thomas Hickey,	38	Consumption.	Ireland.
	24 John Thomas Cronin,	1 4 2	Consumption.	"
	28 Margaret Salisbury (McKay),	55 5 27	Cancer.	Shelburne, N. S.
	28 Helen M. Burrell (Reed),	25 8 24	Childbirth.	Abington.
	23 Agnes A. Gould,	7 5	Cholera Infantum.	Weymouth.
	23 Alfred Jones,	5	Dysentery.	"
	23 Thomas Cleverly,	65	Cancer in Stomach.	"
	15 Fredrick Holmes,	17 5	Cholera Infantum.	Quincy.
	4 Daniel W. Priest,	15 1 17	Dropsy.	Hingham.
	10 Mary T. Dambur (Harris),	70 11 7	Dropsy.	Weymouth.
	15 Oliver Lord,	10 10 14	Typhoid Fever.	"
	23 Ebenezer L. Bimney,	1 11 13	"	"
	23 Patrick Frederic & Coole,	17 11 21	Acute Per. Pleurisy.	"
	15 Orin Prince (Hollbrook),	8 10 29	Ind. of Bowels.	"
	23 Achah Smith (Loud),	8 1 5	Cholera Infantum.	"
	1 Elmer Lathrop,	4 10	Cholera Infantum.	"
	1 Charles Leonard Wolfe,	1 4 10	Cholera Infantum.	"
	8 Anne Amelia Makepeace,	1 4 9	Con. Brain & Dysent.	"
	1 William E. Potter,	1 4 9	"	"
	15 Emma Stoddard,	29 4 18	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	15 Hiram Sewall,	22 10	Consumption.	Pembroke.
	15 William Colman,	53	Accident run over.	Weymouth.
	15 Sarah Maria Barker (Fove),	29 8 18	Purpural Fever.	"
	15 Child A. & Mary (Pratt),	45 3 8	Consumption.	"
	15 Rebecca Lucas (Holmes),	67 6 2	Paralysis.	Plymouth.
	3 Elmer C. Lovell,	8 1	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	15 Child M. & Mary (Fove),	1 16	Whooping Cough.	"
	4 James Hogan,	2 6	Dropsy on Brain.	"
	15 Philip Conrick,	45	Consumption.	Ireland.
	19 Child M. & Mary Coleran,	30 9 25	Old Age.	Weymouth.
	19 Mary Nash (Belcher),	69 7 12	Dropsy on Brain.	Abington.
	23 Edward Colopy,	18	Childbirth.	East Bridgewater.
	19 Child S. & Jos (Hollbrook),	17 8 12	Paralysis.	"
	15 Geo. Washington Shaw,	57 3	Diabetes.	Weymouth.
	15 Michael Dunphy,	17 8 26	Diabetes.	St. Johns, N. S.
	14 Mary Porter (Hollbrook),	44 2 20	Ind. of Bowels.	Weymouth.
	15 Rachel L. Colson (Hawes),	57 5 7	Old Age.	"
	15 Marian Wadsworth,	22 11 27	Consumption.	Randolph.
	23 Daniel Perry Young,	21 2	Consumption.	South Weymouth.
	28 John Calvin Terry,	21 2	Consumption.	Weymouth.
	15 Child C. N. & Catherine Jordan,	21	Consumption.	Duxbury.
	14 Philip Chandler,	62	"	"
	18 Thomas Brown,	1 15	Cholera Infantum.	Ireland.

A true copy of record.—Attest,
[Signature] Town Clerk.

STEPHEN S. ABLINGTON, a member of Co. H, 55th Reg. of Massachusetts volunteers, died at Miami, near Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 6th, 1866, of cholera, superinduced, no doubt, by the hardships endured when sent to the aid of Gen. Grant at Vicksburg. When the regiment returned to Ohio he was invalided and transferred to the Veteran Reserves, where he became Orderly Sergeant, and at the close of the war was honorably discharged. When Co. H of the 55th Reg. was forming in this town, he was the first to volunteer in the ranks. He was born in Braintree, July 4th, 1818, was married in Ohio, where he leaves a wife and one child. He was in all respects a good and faithful son, and is the third son that I have lost owing to Southern Rebels, aided by Northern Traitors.

There is a tie that binds us yet,
That death cannot destroy,
A Father's heart will not forget
His own lov'd faithful boy.
Dear Stephen, I remember well
When came the "harsh call,"
You foremost sang the ranks to swell,
Within that crowded hall
And faithful in our country's cause,
The soldier's peril dared,
Confronting death to guard our laws,
And every danger shun.
Altho' from battles safe returned,
Yet still and true you were,
The Martyr's crown was fairly earned,
And should thy grave adorn.

F. M. ABLINGTON.
In the list of members of the Georgia Constitutional Convention, now in session, we find the name of Samuel F. Gove, brother of J. Gove, of this town.

CHIEF ENOUGH.—Several have asked if the season tickets for the course of ten lectures would not be reduced in price, since two or three of the lectures have been already given. Of course not; that would destroy the very idea of a season ticket. It would be unfair toward those who have bought. It would encourage listlessness, for the man who would wait till two or three lectures had been given, hoping to get them cheaper, must have a soul so small that it would require large magnifying power to make it manifest at all. The lectures are cheap enough.

SO. WEYMOUTH, Jan. 27, 1868.
Editor of Weymouth Gazette: The next quarterly meeting of the East Norfolk Temperance Union will be held at the South Church in South Braintree, Feb. 11, at 10 o'clock A. M. An essay will be read at 11 o'clock by Byron Groce, Esq. A select choir from the high school under the direction of their teacher, will furnish music for the occasion. Rev. William M. Thayer and Rev. Edwin Thompson of Boston, have consented to be present to address the convention. Among the other speakers we mention Rev. D. W.

STATE HOUSE, Jan. 28, 1868.

ar Gazette:—In glancing around
familiar faces, we readily fix
a member whose career we have
cognizant of during the past 35
—whose friendly hand for more
score and ten we have annually
d with fraternal cordiality,—whose
of rectitude is broader and higher
mainly bearing these things con-
through the revolving years of a
ation,—whose solid character is
ed and beautifully exemplified by
s, orphans, and returned soldiers
titting their varied trusts to his
—who some 40 years since, with
aily prestige, no visible capital,
strong hands, a resolute will, and
heart,—commenced studying the
of manufacturing shoes, with a
ination to honor his calling by
ghness and utility—to execute ordi-
the letter—Do them well!—
contracts with Uncle Sam for
shoes, covering a period of a
of a century, is a compliment to
e of merchandise, which any
ngland trader might well covet—
d with professed contractors of army
during the late rebellion—at all
beyond the capacity of his quite
ed establishment to fill.
tyme much pleasure in introducing
eymouth Representative, Henry
Esq. In stature Mr. Newton is
feet 5 inches; in person some-
sembling Hon. Charles Endicott,
ernor Bullock's Council, in elas-
step, erect form, and compact
frame; has been, searching
yes, a vein of good natured humo-
g the expression, with a safety
an adjunct to repel
advances and in untoward emer-
to plant a fixed foot with a
trip-hammer precision. Our
entative must nearly verge on
ars, yet one would hardly believe
passed the confines of half a
so fresh, vigorous, and active
ars.
Electors of good old Weymouth
tunate enough at our coming au-
balloting, to select a gentleman
by more sterling and generous
—who has the best interests of
community more at heart—than
Newton—we shall cheerfully
of the fact, and issue a photograph
REKOTICK.

ESS.—A slight improvement in
shoe business is visible in Ran-
Strong & Co. are intending to
ably increase their facilities, and
of some stir in other establish-
The firm of Clark & French, on
street, is dissolved; and business
after being conducted at that man-
by Matthew Clark & Co.,—
Dexter Clark and J. H. Field
former members of the firm.
[Register.]

REAT AMERICAN PREPARATION,
home and abroad, a great hair restor-
er, (in one bottle.) A great triumph of
Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED, (see
very Druggist sell it. Price One Dollar.

riages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.
et, Jan 25, by Rev C. E. Fitts, Charles
of Boston, to Miss George E. Hol-
No cards.

DIED.
Weymouth, Jan 21, of consumption,
Barrett, aged 48 years & 3 months.
Randolph, Jan 25, Sallie F. Bates,
John Bates, aged 8 years & 3 mos.

Business Notices.

nturn can be cured.
ACH—At once relieved.
IN THE HEAD—Vanquished.
KIDNEY—Overcome.
EYES—Made strong.
IA—Quickly cured.
above complaints common to suffer-
ers, can be cured by the use of the
remedy.
ERS GERMAN SNUFF.
It costs but 25 cents. For sale by
A. B. WALKER.

by Suffer From Sores?
The use of the ANKRA OINTMENT,
It is cured. It has relieved thou-
sands, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Sores,
It is, and every complaint of the skin,
costs but 25 cents. Be sure to ask
for ANKRA OINTMENT.
all druggists, or send your address
to P. S. MORTON & CO., Boston,
receive a box by return mail.
v136-1v

TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL
NEURALGIA PILL.
tains and speeds cure for Neuralgia
ous Diseases. The severest cases are
and permanently cured in a very
Neuralgia in the face or head is
ed in a few hours. No form of Ner-
algia withstands its magic influence. It
instantaneous approval of many eminent
It contains nothing injurious to the
system. Sold everywhere. Sen-
\$1.00 and two postage stamps.
U. S. 130 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
10-1v

Advertisements.

YOUR HAMS.
other hereby give notice that all the
he received prices to the 15th
last are now cured, and ready to be
ones are requested to call and take
A. B. WALKER.
Jan. 10, 1868. 37-38

MUEL CURTIS,
"TUTIONEER,"
Weymouth,
Sales of Real and Personal Estate in
boring towns.

"Castle" Nursery.
ber respectfully informs the inhabi-
tants of the adjoining towns
for the sale of Fruit Trees, &c.
of Geneva, N. Y., he is pre-
b, in any quantity, all of the
and Standard.
Fruit Trees,
Strawberry Trees,
and Plants. Bulbs, &c.
his experience in the business he
he can give perfect satisfac-
may choose to deal with him.
P. CUSHING,
WEYMOUTH LANDING.
CUMBERMAN'S
Cooking Apparatus
aking Miracle of the age, and is
in the art of Cooking. It is
can be handled by a child. Call
at S. W. PRATT'S.
Sole Agent for Weymouth.

NEW STORE
AND
NEW GOODS!
HAYING REMODELED AND ENLARGED
MY
HARDWARE STORE,
I am now prepared to show my customers and
friends a
NEW and much more EXTENSIVE
VARIETY,
HARDWARE
than I have kept heretofore.
You can now find here almost EVERY ARTI-
cle, usually kept in a first class Hardware Store
in Boston, comprising
New and Complete Assortment of
Builders' Hardware,
FARMING TOOLS,
Mechanics' Tools,
PUMPS, LEAD, ZINC,
Wall Buckets,
Iron Sinks,
Marble Slabs,
Iron Vices,
Curtain Combs,
Brushes,
Table Cutlery,
Castors,
Saw and Table Castors,
Saw Paper,
Pencils,
Knives,
Chains and Wheels,
Brackets,
Horing Machines,
Horse Whips,
Cauls,
Steelwires & Balances,
Pocket Knives,
Fancy Hardware,
Bells,
Pens,
Slaters,
Brushes,
OVAL FRAMES,
And a great variety of
USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES
not usually found in country stores.
KNIFFEN'S
Patent Mowing Machines,
WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT THE BEST.
Mr Carpenter's Shop in the rear of the Store
will be used hereafter in connection with the
Store, for the sale of
Doors, Windows, Blinds,
GLASS,
Bar Rails and Posts, Balusters, Chain Pumps
Planks, Bee Hives, Gilt, Black Walnut,
and other Moldings, Picture, Portrait
and Looking-Glass
FRAMES, SQUARE, ROUND, OR OVAL,
MADE TO ORDER, OF ANY KIND OF MOLDING
desired.
Looking-Glass Plates furnished, Stained
Glass, Blinds Painted and
Trimmed.
My goods are all bought for CASH, and will be
sold FOR CASH after this date, at the
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
What little I have left of the OLD STOCK OF
GOODS WILL BE SOLD CHEAP, as I desire to have
new and better goods in the new Store. I respect-
fully invite my friends to call in when convenient
to see the
FINEST STORE IN THE PLACE.
In consequence of my determination to adopt
the CASH SYSTEM, I have just
Marked my Goods Down from 5 to 15 per Cent.
which I trust will be a sufficient apology for the
little I am
LOCAL AGENT FOR
SIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES
and shall be happy to receive a share of public
patronage.
JOHN O. FOYE,
Weymouth, May 2, 1867.

REMOVAL!
CLOSING OUT SALE
For 30 Days!
GREAT
Reduction in Prices.
\$150,000 WORTH
OF
Men's and Boys'
FINE MEDIUM AND LOW-PRICED
CLOTHING,
FURNISHING GOODS,
Shirts, Drawers, &c.
Our Entire Stock
MARKED DOWN
BELOW PANIC PRICES!
Must be Sold before Removal.
BENNETT & CO.,
14 & 15, DICK SQUARE,
BOSTON.

FOGG BROS. & BATES,
Bankers & Brokers,
40 FOLK STREET,
BOSTON.
Business Paper bought and sold; Money
laid on Collateral; Dealers in Government
Bonds; Collections made; Deposits received
Interest allowed. v129-1v
Cottage House for sale,
SITUATED on Washington Street, near Hunt's
Lane.
For particulars inquire of
J. BINNEY & CO.,
corner of Washington and Broad streets.
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867. 27
Canary Birds and Cages.
NICE lot at
A. A. CLIFFE & ALLEN'S
Broad Street

Let the Eagle Scream!
PANIC! PANIC! PANIC!
GREAT DOWNFALL IN
DRY GOODS!!!
READ LIST OF PRICES AND CONVINCE
YOURSELVES.
Best Prints, 11 cts., worth 14
Best Delaines, 15 " " 25
Heavy Wool Repts, 75 cts., worth
Superfine " " 87½ cts., worth
Heavy Thibets, 75 cts., worth
Superfine " " 87½ cts., worth
Extra A. A. Superfine Thibets,
Colored Alpaca, 40 cts., worth 60
Black " 50 " " 75
Silk Stripe Poplins, \$1.00,
Irish Poplins, 1.75, " 2.50
Silks, Shawls,
Cloaks,
And the entire Stock of Goods marked down 30
per cent. less than cost.
NOW IS THE TIME
To get good bargains. Be sure to examine OUR
STOCK OF SILKS, SHAWLS AND CLOAKS
before you buy. Also to get into the COUNSEL
STORE, as we have
No Connection with
any other Store.
We have strictly ONE PRICE, and all our
Goods are marked in Dollars and Cents.
CORNER STORE.
CORNER STORE.
CORNER STORE.
JOHN C. LORING,
CORNER OF PEMBERTON SQUARE,
26 & 28 Tremont Row,
BOSTON.
27-28
MARKET
at South Weymouth.
J. L. CLAPP,
MAIN STREET - (under E. Rosenfeld's
Dry Goods Store.)
HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Best Provisions of all kinds.
Such as Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Ham, Sau-
sages, Butter, Cheese, &c. Also, a good assort-
ment of GROCERIES, comprising Flour, Tea,
Coffee, Spices, (the best in the market), Nut,
Raisins, Dates, &c.
Also, FRESH FISH of all kinds, & OYSTERS.
Prices as low as the lowest. Terms Cash.
Men's Calf Tap Sole
BOOTS,
Round Toes, at \$3.50 per pair,
At E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.
50 DIFFERENT STYLES OF
Plaids, for Dresses,
At 25c. a yard,
At E. ROSENFELD'S, South Weymouth.
Low, Lower, Lowest.
BEST PRINTS, 12 1-2c
DE LAINES, 17c
GINGHAMS, 17c
UNBLEACHED CLOTH, 9c
EXTRA YARD WIDE, 11 1-2c
NICE YARD WIDE, (bleached) 12 1-2c
COTTON FLANNELS, 17c
E. ROSENFELD,
SOUTH WEYMOUTH.
CUSTOM
Boot & Shoemaking
The subscriber takes this method to inform
his friends and the public that he has opened
a room at his
RESIDENCE ON MOUNT PLEASANT,
where he will make to order from the BEST
FRENCH AND AMERICAN STOCK,
LADIES' AND GENTS'
BOOTS & SHOES,
Also, Children's & Misses' Boots.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to Repairing.
N. CURTIS.
Weymouth, Dec. 6, 1867. 32-6

Now Opening
HENRY LOUD,
A SPLENDID LOT OF
CLOTHING,
Greatly Reduced Prices
CONSISTING OF
MENS AND BOYS
OVERCOATS,
SACK AND FROCK COATS,
PANTS AND VESTS,
CHILDREN'S SUITS,
AND A
Great Variety of
Gents' Furnishing
Goods,
VERY CHEAP,
'OPENED THIS DAY, AT
HENRY LOUD'S,
1000 Yards
Shaker Flannel,
IN REMNANTS,
35 cents per Yd.
ALSO, A NEW LOT OF
All Wool Hose
For 25 cents.

JUST RECEIVED
Closing out Sale of Winter Goods
C. S. WILLIAMS
AND
NEW DRY GOODS
CLOTHING STORE,
Weymouth Landing.
The entire stock of Winter Clothing and Dry Goods to be sold at such LOW
PRICES as will insure the sale of the whole stock within the next thirty days.
Persons wishing to see
GOODGOODS AT LOW PRICES,
will do well to call.
OVERCOATS from \$5.00 to \$20.00;
PANTS and VESTS, 4.50 to 12.00;
CARDIGAN JACKETS, 1.25 to 3.00;
SWEATERS and DRAWERS, in great variety, 50 cts. to 1.50;
COTTON and WOOL FLANNEL, 25 cts. to 85 cts.;
COTTON FLANNEL, 15 cts. to 35 cts.;
BEST PRINTS, 12 cts.;
UNBLEACHED COTTON CLOTH, 11 cts. to 17 cts.;
BLEACHED " " 10 cts. to 16 cts.;
BLANKETS, \$9.50 to \$7.00 per pair;
And a good assortment of other goods, at low prices.
THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
IS AT
GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHT'S,
No. 33 Washington street, Boston,
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.
NOTICE.
The Land lately purchased for the
Village Cemetery
has been laid out, and the
Lots are now Ready for Sale.
There are some VERY CHOICE LOTS, which
persons in want would do well to secure.
An opportunity is offered for a short time to
select without additional charges.
A. S. WHITE, Sec'y Corporation.
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867. 27-40
Millinery.
MRS. E. A. RICHARDSON,
WOULD announce to the Ladies of Weymouth
and vicinity that she has opened a fine as-
sortment of
FALL MILLINERY
AND
Trimming Goods,
selected with care, and adapted to the wants of
her customers. The stock is complete with all
the
New and Desirable Styles for the Season,
consisting of the usual assortment to be found in
A FIRST CLASS MILLINERY STORE.
Grateful for past patronage, she hopes by strict
attention to business and efforts to please, to
continue the same. All orders promptly and
faithfully executed.
MRS. E. S. RICHARDSON,
East Weymouth.
ANAESTHESIA
Vs. Strangulation!!
BY the recent improvements I am enabled to
make the
Purest Nitrous Oxide
known to chemical science. The patient enjoys
a most delightful dream, and awakes to find the
tooth loose removed.
No Rubber Bag! No Strangulation!
The Gas is pleasant to breathe, and perfectly
harmless. All those about to have teeth ex-
tracted should call at my office and inhale the
Gas. Take no Ether or Chloroform till you have
tried the Gas. No charge for Extracting by Gas
when new ones are to be inserted. Now if you
would be sure of having those Aching Teeth ex-
tracted without pain, call and see.
Teeth filled with all materials for their preser-
vation. Teeth Cleaned and Polished.
Toothache Cured without Extract-
ing. We extract no teeth which can be saved
by filling.
We give special attention to the Regulation of
Children's Teeth.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
Of the finest quality and workmanship are in-
serted by me without the least pain and worn
without the least inconvenience.
The superiority of Dr. Mead's Artificial Teeth
has been too well known by hundreds who are
enjoying the benefits of them to require enu-
meration. Persons desirous of availing themselves
of such, would do well to call at my office and
examine specimens. Those who received, will find
these statements to be entirely and scrupulously
correct.
N. B. would add that he gives his closest at-
tention to all branches of the profession.
Office open at all times.
CORNER SHIP & NORTH STS.
DR. W. F. MEAD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
HINGHAM.
P. S.—Dr. M. will be at his office in Cohasset,
every Wednesday, from 9 A. M. till 1 P. M.
THE subscriber would say to the citizens of
Weymouth and vicinity that he
REPAIRS CLOTHING WRINGERS
of all kinds in a thorough manner. Any one
wanting their Wringers repaired, by addressing
the subscriber in writing, or leaving them at any of
the Store in town, will receive immediate
attention.
New kind of the best quality inserted for two
dollars each.
NEW WRINGERS
of all kinds for sale and exchanged for old ones;
E. G. ANDRUS, Agent,
Prospect Street, East Weymouth.
Weymouth & Braintree
MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,
OF WEYMOUTH,
INSURES DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILD-
INGS NOT EXTRA HAZARDOUS,
and their contents, at as low rates as any other
reliable Company.
Amount at Risk April 1, 1867,
\$1,300,000.
Cash Assets, \$11,700
Deposits Notes, \$10,000—\$90,700
ELIOT L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Sec'y

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
IS AT
GOLDTHWAIT, SNOW & KNIGHT'S,
No. 33 Washington street, Boston,
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers.
NOTICE.
The Land lately purchased for the
Village Cemetery
has been laid out, and the
Lots are now Ready for Sale.
There are some VERY CHOICE LOTS, which
persons in want would do well to secure.
An opportunity is offered for a short time to
select without additional charges.
A. S. WHITE, Sec'y Corporation.
Weymouth, Oct. 31, 1867. 27-40
Millinery.
MRS. E. A. RICHARDSON,
WOULD announce to the Ladies of Weymouth
and vicinity that she has opened a fine as-
sortment of
FALL MILLINERY
AND
Trimming Goods,
selected with care, and adapted to the wants of
her customers. The stock is complete with all
the
New and Desirable Styles for the Season,
consisting of the usual assortment to be found in
A FIRST CLASS MILLINERY STORE.
Grateful for past patronage, she hopes by strict
attention to business and efforts to please, to
continue the same. All orders promptly and
faithfully executed.
MRS. E. S. RICHARDSON,
East Weymouth.
ANAESTHESIA
Vs. Strangulation!!
BY the recent improvements I am enabled to
make the
Purest Nitrous Oxide
known to chemical science. The patient enjoys
a most delightful dream, and awakes to find the
tooth loose removed.
No Rubber Bag! No Strangulation!
The Gas is pleasant to breathe, and perfectly
harmless. All those about to have teeth ex-
tracted should call at my office and inhale the
Gas. Take no Ether or Chloroform till you have
tried the Gas. No charge for Extracting by Gas
when new ones are to be inserted. Now if you
would be sure of having those Aching Teeth ex-
tracted without pain, call and see.
Teeth filled with all materials for their preser-
vation. Teeth Cleaned and Polished.
Toothache Cured without Extract-
ing. We extract no teeth which can be saved
by filling.
We give special attention to the Regulation of
Children's Teeth.
ARTIFICIAL TEETH.
Of the finest quality and workmanship are in-
serted by me without the least pain and worn
without the least inconvenience.
The superiority of Dr. Mead's Artificial Teeth
has been too well known by hundreds who are
enjoying the benefits of them to require enu-
meration. Persons desirous of availing themselves
of such, would do well to call at my office and
examine specimens. Those who received, will find
these statements to be entirely and scrupulously
correct.
N. B. would add that he gives his closest at-
tention to all branches of the profession.
Office open at all times.
CORNER SHIP & NORTH STS.
DR. W. F. MEAD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
HINGHAM.
P. S.—Dr. M. will be at his office in Cohasset,
every Wednesday, from 9 A. M. till 1 P. M.
THE subscriber would say to the citizens of
Weymouth and vicinity that he
REPAIRS CLOTHING WRINGERS
of all kinds in a thorough manner. Any one
wanting their Wringers repaired, by addressing
the subscriber in writing, or leaving them at any of
the Store in town, will receive immediate
attention.
New kind of the best quality inserted for two
dollars each.
NEW WRINGERS
of all kinds for sale and exchanged for old ones;
E. G. ANDRUS, Agent,
Prospect Street, East Weymouth.
Weymouth & Braintree
MUTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,
OF WEYMOUTH,
INSURES DWELLINGS AND OTHER BUILD-
INGS NOT EXTRA HAZARDOUS,
and their contents, at as low rates as any other
reliable Company.
Amount at Risk April 1, 1867,
\$1,300,000.
Cash Assets, \$11,700
Deposits Notes, \$10,000—\$90,700
ELIOT L. WHITE, President.
ELIAS RICHARDS, Sec'y

PANIC PRICES!
CLOTHING
AND
DRY GOODS
Marked Down.
Cottons and Prints
VERY CHEAP,
AT
Read's Cheap Cash Store
Nov. 1. 27
BEST PRINTS
12 1-2 cents;
BEST DE LAINES
20 cents;
COTTONS
Marked Down!
At READ'S Cheap Cash Store
Headquarters!!
Camp near the Baptist Church,
Weymouth Landing
HAVING formed a Partnership under the
name of RADCLIFFE & ALLEN, we are
prepared to furnish a superior quality of
Groceries,
AND
STOVES
Kitchen Furnishing
BUSINESS.
Also, a good assortment of
GLASS, TIN, WOODEN, & BRASS
TANNIA WARES.
Silver Plated Ware.
PUMPS and PIPES furnished and set. Also,
Pumps repaired at short notice.
CUPBORDS and RANGES furnished and re-
paired.
All sorts of JOBBING attended to with neat-
ness and dispatch.
A LARGE STOCK OF
First Class Cooking Stoves.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Crockery Ware,
including original packages from the importers,
at
STANDARD ENGLISH STONE CHINA,
and all kinds of common ware, at the lowest
CASH PRICES.
RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,
Broad Street, near the Baptist Church
Weymouth, Sept. 5, 1867. 19
BEAVER OVERCOATS,
\$18.00.
BEAVER UNDERCOATS,
\$15.00.
SILK MIXED SUITS,
(COAT, PANTS & VEST),
\$20.00.
UNDER SHIRTS & DRAWERS
50 & 75 cts.,
At Read's Clothing Hall
EAST WEYMOUTH
Boot and Shoe Store.
THE public will find a good assortment of
Ladies', Misses and Children's
BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS
constantly on hand.
Particular attention given to making
Custom Work and Repairing of all kinds.
A large lot of Women's and Misses' Double
Sole Serge Gaiters, and Balmain Boots, for
sale at a great discount from former
prices after this date.
Men's Truck Kip Boots,
Boys and Youth's Kip Boots \$3.00
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed
upon me during the past year, I shall endeavor
to merit a continuance of the same in the future.
J. W. BATES.
For Sale or to Let,
A CHICKERING PIANO, newly new, with
Sole Sofa Stand. Apply to
A. H. TREBLE, Weymouth.

J. BINNEY & CO.,
Grocery & Provision Dealers,
CORNER OF WASHINGTON & BROAD STS.,
WEYMOUTH,
KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment
of
Family Groceries, Pork, Lard,
Hams, Butter, Cheese, &c.,
which they offer at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES, for CASH.
In famous old Weymouth, the home of the
West.
Where Labor is honored and well paid, the oppressed,
J. BINNEY & Co. their acquaintance would meet
At the corner where Broad crosses Washington
street.
Where ever attentive, it is their design
To keep a good stock in the Grocery line,
And sell all their goods at a profit so small
That those who buy once will continue to call.
For favors received they are grateful—and will
endeavor to merit your patronage still.
J. BINNEY, G. E. FIELD.

South Shore Railroad.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
CARS leave Depot of O. C. and Newport Rail-
road, corner South and Kenehan Streets.
On and after Monday, Nov. 4th, 1867, trains
leave Boston for East Braintree, Weymouth, N.
Weymouth, Hingham, Cohasset, at 8.30 a. m.,
2.30, 4.5, 6 p. m.
Trains leave Boston on Thursdays at 9.30 p. m.
Cohasset, 6.20, 7.10, 8.20 a. m., 12.35, 4.15, 6.30
p. m.
Nantasket, 6.25, 7.15, 8.25 a. m., 12.40, 4.20,
5.50 p. m.
O. C. House, 6.30, 7.18, 8.20 a. m., 12.45,
4.25, 5.58 p. m.
Hingham, 6.32, 7.22, 8.35 a. m., 12.50, 4.30,
5.42 p. m. W. Hingham 3 minutes later.
E. Weymouth, 6.40, 7.31, 8.41 a. m., 1.05, 4.40,
5.50 p. m.
N. Weymouth, 6.45, 7.36, 8.48 a. m., 1.10, 4.45,
5.55 p. m.
Weymouth, 6.50, 7.40, 8.52 a. m., 1.15, 4.49, 6
p. m.
E. Braintree, 6.53, 7.43, 8.53 a. m., 1.20, 4.52,
6.01 p. m.
Flag Station. Persons wishing to stop at
this station will notify the Conductor.
GEO. F. BEAL, Jr., Sup't.

Old Colony & Newport Railway.
DIRECT ROUTE to Newport, Fall
River, Taunton, Plymouth, New York,
New Bedford, Cape Cod, Nahant,
and the South Shore.
TRAINS leave Boston for New Bedford and
Cape Cod, 7.20 a. m., 4 p. m.
Quincy and Braintree, 7.50, 8.20, 9.15, 10 a. m.,
12 m., 2.30, 3.30, 4.10, 5.50, 6.40, 9.00, 9.50 p. m.
S. Braintree, 7.50, 8.20, 9.15, 10 a. m., 12 m.,
2.30, 3.30, 4.10, 5.50, 6.40, 9.00, 9.50 p. m.
Randolph, Stoughton, and North Easton, 8.30
a. m., 12 m., 4.30, 5.40 p. m.
Taunton, 8.20 a. m., 12 m., 4.20, 5.30 p. m.
Dighton & Somerset, 8.30 a. m., 12 m., 4.30 p. m.
East Randolph and Bridgewater, 7.50, 11.30 a. m.,
4.30, 6 p. m.
N. Bridgewater, 7.50, 11.30 a. m., 5.30, 4.6 p. m.
Cohasset, East and West Bridgewater, 7.50 a.
m., 3.30 p. m.
Bridgewater, 7.50, 9 a. m., 2.30, 3.30, 4.5 p. m.
Middleboro, 7.50 a. m., 3.30, 4.1 p. m.
Fall River (via Bridgewater), 7.50 a. m., 3.30 p. m.
Fall River (via Taunton), 8.30 a. m., 12 m.,
4.30, 5.30 p. m.
Newport, 8.20 a. m., 12 m., 4.30, 5.30 p. m.
South Weymouth, North, Centre and South
Weymouth, East Bridgewater, Kingston and Ply-
mouth, 9 a. m., 2.30, 3 p. m.
Milton and Mattapan, 9.40 a. m., 1.30, 4.10, 6.15
p. m.
Sundays at 10, Tuesdays and Fridays at
11.15 p. m.
Trains for Boston leave
Newport, 11.15 a. m., 8 a. m., 3 p. m.
Fall River (via Taunton), 11.35, 6.55, 8.40 a. m.,
3.40 p. m.
Fall River (via Bridgewater), 7 a. m., 3.45 p. m.
Taunton, 11.15, 7.15, 9.15 a. m., 4.30 p. m.
Randolph, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15 a. m., 5.02 p. m.
Middleboro, 7.15, 9.15 a. m., 4.28 p. m.
Bridgewater, 7.50, 8.47, 9.47 a. m., 4.48 p. m.
N. Bridgewater, 7.52, 9.47 a. m., 1.50 p. m.
N. Randolph, 7.15, 8.15 a. m., 4.14, 5.23 p. m.
Plymouth, 6.40, 8.40 a. m., 3.40 p. m.
South Abington, 7.50, 10.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
South Weymouth, 7.50, 10.28 a. m., 4.43 p. m.
S. Braintree, 6.10, 6.55, 7.35, 7.46, 8.22, 8.57,
9.20, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 3.45, 5.08, 5.30, 6.05 p. m.
(The 5.30 p. m. train does not stop at Braintree.)
Mattapan, 8.25, 7.45, 8.45, 10.20 a. m., 2.50, 5.30 p. m.
Milton Lower Mills 3 minutes later.
Or on the arrival of the boat from N. York.
W. H. HULLOCK, Sup't.

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
SALEM, MASS.
AMOUNT AT RISK Dec. 1, 1867, \$15,000,000
CASH CAPITAL, \$150,000
AVAILABLE CAPITAL over \$100,000
INSURANCE is confined to Dwellings, Stores,
Churches, Houses, Furniture, Merchandise,
and the wider class of risks. This company offers
to the public protection against Fire and Acci-
dent, upon the most favorable terms justified by
the character of the risk.
Losses promptly Adjusted and Paid.
AUGUSTUS STORY, President.
THOMAS H. JOHNSON, Secretary.
JOSEPH SHERMAN, Agent,
Weymouth, Mass.
Office in Boston, 134 Washington St.; Residence, East
Weymouth.
23-40
REPORT FROM
HEADQUARTERS.
THE ARMY IN MOTION! TROOPS
TO THE FRONT!
General Order No. 1.
ALL PERSONS LOOKING FOR A
Good Cooking Stove,
Gas Burner,
Air-Tight,
Ring, or Cylinder,
CAN FIND A CHOICE SELECTION AT
Headquarters.
Also, Linings and Grates, of all
descriptions.
N. B.—The Johnnies are changing their front,
and we are forming a new line, reinforced by
ALL KINDS OF SHOE FINDINGS
Usually found in a Grocers Store. But we are
bound to fight it out on this line.
RADCLIFFE & ALLEN,
Camp near Baptist Church.
FISH MARKET.
W. G. THAYER is prepared to supply the
public with the best quality of
Fish and Oysters,
AT THE LOWEST MARKET RATES.
Orders accepted in every style; also
FRESHMEN of various kinds for sale.
Corner of Washington and Broad Sts.

[illegible]